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Week of June 15, 1947

Father's
Day



By J. C. Oestreicher

A BRITTLE, parchment-yellow old Englishman of 87 sits bemused these days in a comfortable Hampshire cottage on the English countryside, wondering what he should do about his windfall of almost \$15,000 from the "strange" "Veiled Lady" of fact, not fiction.

Aged Captain F. O. Sutton has no use or need for the small fortune that came down to him through devious routes from a mystery-cloaked distant cousin who disappeared for two decades and who still occupies a place in the unfinished business files of Scotland Yard.

Authorities are still hoping that Captain Sutton may throw some light upon the strange emotional impact that in 1920 sent Florence Ethel Appleyard scurrying away from her sister Winifred and her magnificent mansion in the ancient resort city of Bath, England, on a weird odyssey whose course never has been tracked.

But as this is written, nothing he has been able to recall has aided in solving the mystery.

Against his will and disturbing to his quietude, Captain Sutton's dwindling path of old age crossed that of "Aunt Florence," as she was known, when her will turned up the other day, two years after her death.

She had passed from the mortal scene at the seaside town of Bognor Regis in 1914. Death of "The Woman in Black" or "The Veiled Lady," by both of which names she was identified almost through the length and breadth of the British Empire, had instituted a new appraisal of the few facts known and discoverable about her strange life.

The Appleyard sisters had money and property.

They owned the sizable mansion in Bath, a town patronized by British royalty for ages past. They had, in addition, another summer home near by: a villa at Super-Weston-on-the-Sea, a well-equipped cottage in Dartmoor and, so far as records indicate, the remains of an old-time smuggler's den known as "Snail's Castle" in the southern county of Devonshire.

Yet from all of this almost-feudal possession, "Aunt Florence" one day in 1920 "took a walk." Dressed completely in black, an ebony veil concealing a face that once might have

been beautiful, she left her 20-room mansion in Grosvenor Place, then the most fashionable section of Bath.

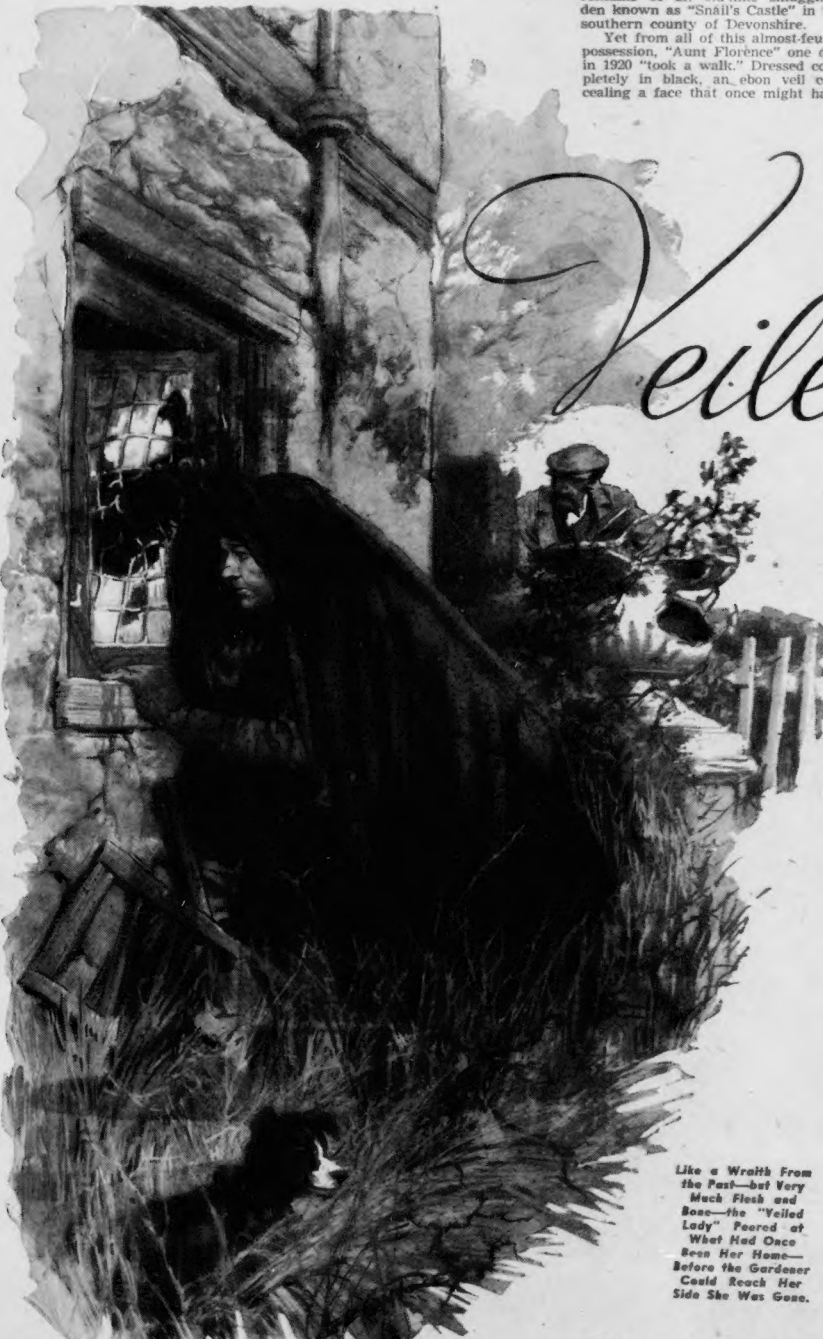
Rumor said there had been a violent quarrel between the two sisters. Trouble-makers chalked the word "Murder" upon the welcome mat and even upon the bronze-studded oaken door of the mansion. Amidst these dire inferences, neighbors remembered that "Aunt Florence" took with her a little brown dog.

From every point in England and the Empire from which Miss Appleyard subsequently was reported, a little dog of one sort or another always was there, and always brown. One time it was Worcester, another time Dorking down in Surrey where John Keats wrote his immortal odes and the late Jimmy Walker spent his honeymoon with Betty Compton.

On another occasion Florence would be in Canada, always with a little brown dog, no one ever to know whether it was the same one or a new one. Always this strange lady, older every year, called her pet "Jackie," and asked for assistance in its seemingly unavoidable fits.

What could have prompted this woman in the prime of her life to cut herself off suddenly from security, wealth, luxury and material pleasures to wander alone?

Some say that she and her sister, who died in 1925, half a decade after Florence had quit the Grosvenor Place



Veiled LADY

house in Bath, had quarreled bitterly. Over what? Spinsterhood? Religion? Politics? Music? The landscaping of the estate? The gardener's peculiarities? The question of whether India or China or Ceylon tea should be served for the curate's visit?

Only a few facets of the mental quirks of the "Veiled Lady" of Bath were revealed as she went on.

It is firmly established that in 1931, some six years after her sister Winifred died, the "Veiled Lady" went back to her old house. She stood in the refuse-littered front garden. She saw the warped front door, the half uninged shutters, the once finely graded and velveted lawn, now cluttered with broken roof tiles, shattered copper eaves and remnants of chimney pots.

That was back in 1931. A gardener working on the grounds of a house near by was diverted from his job by the barking of a dog and he turned startled to see the mysterious little old lady peering from beneath her veil at the dilapidated house.

He recognized her as "Aunt Florence." Recalling all the strange stories, including the resurrection of bones from beneath the front yard that later turned out to be those only of a long-buried pet animal, he dropped his rake and bolted toward her.

But she was too quick for him. She darted into a wheezy taxi that had brought her to the house, and that was the only occasion she had been seen in the town where she already had become a legend.

Florence Appleyard's will showed an ostensible fortune of about \$80,000. She had intended her money for a wide variety of beneficiaries.

But attorneys found that her strange and uncharted wanderings had cut deeply into her holdings. Except for mildewed furniture and carpets in the Grosvenor Place house and an astonishing accumulation of suitcases and trunks he picked up on her journeys, the "Veiled Lady" died with only \$15,000 left.

This is what was handed to Captain Sutton, who for years has lived on England's dole and prides himself on being a charter member of Britain's "Nobel Order of Poverty." At 86, comfortable as he is and set in his ways, he has more use for memories than he has for money.

And if he knows why "Aunt Florence" acted the way she did, he is keeping the information to himself.

Like a Wraith From the Past—but Very Much Flesh and Bone—the "Veiled Lady" Peered at What Had Once Been Her Home—Before the Gardener Could Reach Her Side She Was Gone.

Illustrated by LEE CONNEY

ADVERTISEMENT



Dave's Mother is Postmistress, Shaw, Mississippi—where "Boo" spends the winter. Dave's father was a cotton planter in the rich Delta. His parents shared a dream that their son would be a champion ball player.



"You've really got something, when you have a bowlful of Wheaties," says Dave Ferriss. There's solid nourishment in Wheaties. Three B vitamins. Minerals. Protein. Food-energy. And all the iron, calcium of 100% whole wheat.

ADVERTISEMENT



Look alikes: "Boo" Ferriss and sister, Martha. She's also quite an athlete. Plays crack tennis. Dave likes to watch. "Boo's" favorite spectator sports are football, basketball. He'd rather play basketball than pitch a shutout.



"Boo's" room is covered with pictures in appreciation of him and his team. They give him pictures in appreciation of his team and his own and courtesy. No stuffed fish or antlers on the wall. That rare ballplayer who doesn't fish or hunt.

at Shaw High School. Dave broke his right wrist. He had to be tied to the bed to pitch left handed. Legend of ambidexterity.



The Ferriss Brothers, Dave and Will, run a home-town gas station. Dave exercises his arm massaging windshields. As kids, Will lispily called Dave "Boo" (for brother). The nickname followed him into baseball.



Six foot two. "Boo" has a big grin and a slight southern drawl. One of baseball's most eligible bachelors. Chances of a steady girl—"except mother and sis." But Ferriss is a woman hater. Likes a smooth fox trot or a move.



Grandma is a committee of one to see that Dave is fed. Says Dave Ferriss: "I like to build my morning around Wheaties, 'Breakfast of Champions' with milk and fruit." Committee stands by for second helpings.



See for yourself! Why do so many big-timers choose this famous training dish? You'll see once you spoon up these crisp toasted flakes. Plenty good. Second helping good! America's favorite whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door! Opportunity knocks but once! . . . Swarming over the country districts of Pennsylvania, salesmen knocked on doors and, with those words, introduced Dutch farmers to one of the slickest swindles of modern times.

They were selling stock in the Altoona Glass Casket Corporation. Laws were about to be passed, they confided, making it obligatory for everyone to be buried in a glass casket.

Glass caskets were hygienic, esthetically satisfying, impervious to the ravages of time. In a little while they were going to be as standard a feature of the American scene as bathtubs.

"Grab this opportunity! Get in on the ground floor! In a matter of weeks your investment's bound to be doubled, tripled!"

Dazzled farmers bought. They bought with cash, Liberty bonds, jewelry, household staples, heirlooms, everything in the way of collateral they could scrape up.

But the only people whose investment doubled, tripled, were the officers and employees of the Crager System, Inc., the stock promotion house, in whose de luxe New York quarters the project had been conceived.

In a few weeks the Crager outfit made over \$100,000—and not a glass casket had been sold. Then, with a pop heard all over the country, the bubble burst. Justice was meted out at a trial that resembled nothing so much as the spring opening of the circus.

THERE were so many defendants a special bleachers had to be erected for them along one side of the courtroom.

One the other side, in another bleachers, sat the array of witnesses.

Peter J. McCoy, the Asst. U. S. Attorney entrusted with the prosecution, says there never was anything like it in his court memory.

"Those defendants were smart," he recalls. "They caught on right away that our whole case depended on identification. Every one of them had to be identified by his victims, so what did they do but start coming to court in false beards, mustaches and eyebrows."

"They'd fix their hair differently each day, put on dark glasses, then leave them off, alter their seating arrangement. In fact, they pulled so many first ones I myself didn't know half the time whom I was dealing with."

Nevertheless, the Government managed to nail every man sought and, as a wholly unexpected by-product, even nail that fantastic character, Gaston B. Means (then a Department of Justice agent), his side-kick, Elmer Jarnecke, and their confederate, Col. Thomas B. Felder, one of the shiftiest shysters in New York history.

All this took place back in the early '20s, but until the other day, when Mr. McCoy told an American Weekly reporter his reminiscences, it never was told properly and soon was lost in legal archives.

The story opens in Altoona, Pa., with the Glass Casket Corp., a legitimate, if unhappy, organization, quietly sinking into the red. The company's idea, considered just as an idea, wasn't bad: It had been approved by the Bureau of Standards and a patent granted.

Glass caskets, as claimed, certainly were hygienic, pleasing to look at and durable.

They had their faults, however. For one thing, no amount of effort seemed able to produce a glass casket longer than five feet one inch—a fact which greatly limited their use.

FOR another, they were so heavy the deceased's pallbearers would have had to be derrick; for a third, they showed a tendency to crack.

In trying to lick these defects, the Glass Casket Corp. drifted onto financial rocks. There it remained until its attention was caught by a newspaper advertisement, inserted by the Crager System, Inc., that seemed intended just for it.

"We have financial aid for legitimate corporations needing new capital to continue operations. . . ." ran the ad.

So the Altoona Glass Casket Corp. got in touch with the Crager System, Inc., of New York, and then its real troubles began.

At first, though, everything looked lovely. The Crager representative, who called at Altoona, was most sympathetic and understanding. He saw a great future for glass caskets.

Another few weeks of experimentation and, in his opinion, their flaws could be ironed out. Since this opinion was more than shared by

The Promoters' Promises of Great Sales and Profits Induced the Thrifty Dutch Farmers to Part With More Than \$100,000, but Nobody Could Find a Glass Casket Until a Newspaper Reporter Did—Under a Crooked Lawyer's Desk.

the solid local gentry, who had been running the enterprise, the conversations continued in an atmosphere of sweet agreement.

The Crager representative secretly had one important objective in view, namely, the Glass Casket Corp.'s stockholder list. The same objective was back of the System's interest in all "legitimate" corporations needing new capital, and both in the glass casket case and in others, its representatives went about getting what they wanted in the same way in all cases.

SUPPOSE, for the sake of illustration, that the capital stock of the victim company had commanded \$1 a share, that 25,000 shares had been sold and 75,000 remained in the treasury, unsold. After ascertaining this, the Cragers would say:

"Now, how much do you need from us to carry on your operations?"

To this the officers of the company might reply that anywhere from \$10,000 to \$25,000 ought to see them through.

They would then be told:

"In that case, gentlemen, we will advance you \$15,000. But we want security, naturally. We think we should come in and help you market your product. We have the organization to do it. We're specialists in marketing. As soon as things are rolling, we'll have the stock listed on the New York Curb."

In exchange for their \$15,000 cash, the Cragers would take 30,000 shares of the dormant stock, with an option on the balance.

Thus they would be buying at 50 cents a share, with the pretty sure expectation of unloading their holdings at 2, 3 or more dollars a share.

Not until this was agreed upon would the main point, the list of stockholders, be mentioned. Then the Crager man would remark casually:

"It's most essential, of course, to keep the good will of the present stockholders. We feel—and we're confident that you feel the same way—that the men and women who already have invested in the company should be given the first chance to reap the profits now in sight."

How could the victims doubt the genuineness, indeed, the rare chivalry, of such a proposal? Here they were, getting a wind-start up again. Surely this time the experiments would succeed.

Of course they wanted their old stockholders—those stockholders many of whom were known to them personally, who had put their trust in them and so far had had nothing to show for it—to be the first to profit.

So the list of stockholders—or, as the Cragers viewed it, of suckers—would change hands, and the stage would be set for Act II.

Act II would begin with a shower of stimulating literature falling on the suckers. Letters and postcards would paint a glorious picture of the future of the Glass Casket Corp.

Reorganization was taking place; new and wonderful developments were in prospect; state and federal laws were about to be passed in favor of glass caskets; the stock, which a few days ago had seemed lifeless, was stirring, lifting its drooping head, beginning to soar; application already had been made to list it on the New York Curb Exchange.

"Hold on to what you have! Buy more—if you get a chance!"

Was it true? It must be. The Glass Casket Corp.'s own local officers (men the stockholders had grown up with) confirmed it. There was smoke coming from the previously smokeless chimneys.

Obviously things were humming.

The stockholders now had been primed, readied,

softened up. The moment had come to turn loose the salesmen on them, those slick characters, working on lush commissions and salaries, who went buying their magic phrase, "Opportunity is knocking at your door!"

They took everything the farmers had to offer, and many of the farmers offered all they had.

Meanwhile, however, things had been happening offstage, things the Cragers knew nothing about. After waiting in vain for promises to be fulfilled, victims of earlier Crager schemes, other victims who had already been milked, had begun to complain.

Their complaints reached the ears of federal authorities. Right in the middle of the Glass Casket deal, post office agents raided the Cragers, catching them with their sucker lists down and their salesmen out.

THIRTY-SIX men were indicted under the federal laws covering conspiracies and the use of the mails to defraud. Ben Crager, president of the Crager System, his father, Henry, Samuel Rosenblatt, a Chicago attorney, and one other officer of the company pleaded guilty.



Carl Helm—He Found Black Bag.



The 32 others all were found guilty at the trial, the principals, including those who had taken pleas, going to jail and paying fines. The more flagrant salesmen also went to jail.

Some of the minor characters got off with fines or suspended sentences.

The only man who escaped without a scratch was Stephen Manning, bewildered and hoodwinked president of the Altoona Glass Casket Corp. Realizing that he had been a mere pawn in the game, the Government dismissed his case.

Carl Helm, then a reporter for the New York American and now a distinguished New York lawyer, helped to associate Gaston B. Means, Elmer Jarnecke and Col. Thomas B. Felder with the affair. Harry M. Daugherty was then Attorney General of the United States.

Daugherty and Felder had once been law partners in Georgia.

Glass Casket SWINDLE



The Seven Dwarfs and All the Birds and Beasts of the Forest Watched Snow White in Her Golden Casket, but Nobody Tried to Sell Glass Casket Stock—in the Fairy Tale.

Means was Daugherty's right hand man and Jarnecke was the trusted aid of Means.

Helm came into possession of a receipt for \$67,500 in cash paid as a fee for legal services to be performed for Samuel Safir and others of the Crager defendants by Felder. It was signed by Felder's then partner, Harold Spielberg, and bore a date in the early stages of the Glass Casket investigation and before the indictment had been returned.

Helm found the two lawyers occupying separate rooms of the same office suite. Felder denied that he knew anything about the receipt, or, for that matter, about the Glass Casket Corp. Spielberg, for his part, admitted that he had signed the thing, at Felder's request, but, he added, simply

as a matter of routine, not knowing its meaning.

He said Felder called him into the library of the office where Safir and 12 others were seated and told him to give them a receipt for \$67,500 in cash and departed with an excuse that he had an appointment with his dentist.

Spielberg said he never wrote his name so big in his life as on the receipt, and pointing to his certificate as a lawyer, remarked, "The state gave me a license to accept such fees."

Then, calling his former partner a crook, he went on to say that the only glass casket in existence was under the latter's desk.

Returning to the other room—from which Felder at the moment was absent—Helm discovered a salesman's black satchel under the desk.

He calmly appropriated it and, 20 minutes later, deposited it in front of Prosecutor McCoy.

"What's in that?" asked McCoy.

"Thomas B. Felder," replied Helm. "All laid out in a glass casket."

They opened it up and, sure enough, inside was a miniature glass casket, a salesman's exhibit and, as Spielberg truly had said, the only thing of its kind in existence.

Safir and some of his colleagues from the Cragers' Chicago office had given Felder the \$67,500 on his assurance that he was thick with Mr. Daugherty and that, through his good friends, Means and Jarnecke, of the Department of Justice, he could quash the Glass Casket case. This fact came out during the trial and resulted in the later trial of Felder, Means and Jarnecke. All three were found guilty.

As for the miniature glass casket: Helm gave that to Peter J. McCoy as a jewel box wedding present for the latter's bride.

GREAT DUELS of the



The Six-Shooter Made All Men Equal, According to an Old West Saying—a Little Man With a Big Gun Didn't Have to Take a Back Seat to Anybody.

By Harry H. Morgan
Tough Little Hicks Graham

Illustrated by
MATT CLARK

THERE used to be a saying in the Old West that the six-shooter made all men equal. A little man with a big gun didn't have to take a back seat to anybody.

The truism was established in many a frontier shooting match but never more effectively than by Hicks Graham. He was a small fellow, who gained a reputation as a gun fighter by accident and had to spend the rest of his life living up to it.

A native of Pennsylvania, Graham won his renown as a man quick on the trigger in the Gold Rush days. He was a clerk studying law in a San Francisco office but his devotion to Blackstone didn't keep him from adjudicating his conflicts in the normal manner of the times.

That was by duel with pistols.

Graham asked no odds on account of size. His first clash was with William Walker, who later became famous with his Nicaragua filibuster.

Walker had been the victor in a duel or two. He was big and he was fearless. As an editor of the early San Francisco Herald he was noted for his published tirades. However, he escaped the usual consequences until the day he made a scurrilous attack on an elderly friend of Graham.

The little clerk took up the issue in behalf of the older man. He published a letter calling the stalwart Walker a liar and a coward.

That provoked the customary challenge. A duel was arranged. The onlookers shook their heads sadly and resolved that the foolhardy little upstart at least should have a decent burial for his courage.

Graham fooled them. When the word was

given to fire, Walker missed. Graham didn't.

Walker was wounded so severely that the attending surgeon said he couldn't recover. His stamina eventually pulled him through after he had lingered for days.

It was not long before Graham was entangled in a quarrel with another editor, Frank Lemon. In a street fight Lemon, the larger man, knocked Graham down, then fired a shot that ripped through the clerk's jaw. Another bullet crippled an arm.

Graham's left arm still was in a sling when he demanded satisfaction from Lemon with pistols. Again his friends felt he was inviting certain death. The match was fought at near-by Benicia.

At the first fire both men missed.

Graham insisted on another exchange of shots. This time his opponent fell seriously wounded.

The little fighter, with two victorious duels behind him, moved to Nevada when discovery of the Comstock Lode made that state the mining mecca of the West. His reputation went with him.

The formal duel was going out of style. Men quit bothering about the deadly niceties of the duelling code. The era of shooting from the hip was coming in. Graham could do that, too.

He was branded as a "bad man." That was a standing invitation to trouble. A man with a name as a gun-fighter was a constant challenge

to every Johnnie-come-lately with a six-shooter who hit camp. There always was room at the top for a new "chief" if the newcomer could be first on the draw.

It was such a rivalry that brought about Graham's most spectacular gun fight.

He had taken up the practice of law in Montgomery, a new silver camp in southern Nevada. He had no liking for the reputation he bore. Ordinarily mild-mannered, he wanted to leave the days of smoking pistols behind him. Fate wouldn't let him.

In near-by Aurora, Yank Maguire was the recognized king-pin of the "bad men." Big and overbearing, Maguire filled all the requirements of the role with a couple inches of black moustache to spare.

GRAHAM'S arrival in the region was a taunt to the Aurora killer's supremacy. The spindly, quiet lawyer's appearance, unlike the other's ferocious mien, made an embarrassing contrast.

Soon after word of the new gun fighter's arrival got around, Maguire rode into Montgomery to size up his rival.

The first night he swaggered through bars flourishing his six-shooters, taking occasional shots at lights, shouting his defiance of the newcomer.

"I never saw no tin-horn yet in a billed shirt

GOLD RUSH DAYS



The Crowd Fell Back and Two Shots Exploded at Almost the Same Instant. Maguire Staggered From a Wound in the Chest. He Steadied Himself on the Bar and Kept Shooting at the Lawyer.

and plug hat that could make me back down," he blustered.

Graham had come to Montgomery to be a lawyer, not a gun fighter. He did wear a boiled shirt and a derby hat, the only man in camp so dressed.

The attire didn't seem fitting for a "bad man." He wanted to avoid trouble if possible. For days he kept out of the braggart's way. Maguire only grew more boastful on his nightly rounds of the saloons and dance halls.

The miners knew that a showdown was inevitable. To get it settled, they proposed a duel. "That's quite agreeable with me," Graham said. "Any way you want it."

MAGUIRE balked. He was a street and bar-room fighter and possibly not quite as courageous as he pretended.

With the pre-arranged duel rejected, the tension between the two men continued to grow. Finally, a lawsuit, involving a miners' quarrel, brought them face to face in court.

Graham was attorney for one of the contestants. Maguire was summoned as a witness for the other side.

The tiny frontier courtroom was "packed to the walls with spectators. They felt sure the time had come when the "bad man" from Aurora would settle the case with lead instead of law.

Maguire was called to the stand and gave his testimony. That proceeded smoothly enough. When the direct examination was ended Judge Calph turned to Graham.

"Do you want to cross-examine the witness?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honor, I have a few questions,"

Graham said, calmly as he rose to his feet.

Maguire bristled as the eyes of the two men met. He twisted his big hulk in the witness chair and hitched his belt to bring his hand within a few inches of the butt of his six-shooter.

"Go ahead, Graham. I'll answer 'em if I feel like it," he bellowed. "And you kin go to hell if I don't!"

The judge rapped for order. There wasn't much decorum in those early mining camp courts, but they tried to keep some.

Graham pretended to ignore the outburst and went ahead with his cross-examination. To each question, the witness evaded an answer or made an insulting reply. Outwardly, Graham held his temper as the heat mounted.

Judge Calph warned the defiant man on the witness stand several times.

"It's required by law that you answer the questions and do it civilly," he ordered. "Proceed!"

Graham spoke again, in a slow, even voice. "It's none of your business what I saw," Maguire retorted. "They bin saying you're tough. You don't look tough to me."

The judge was cowed by the witness' hostile demeanor. Maguire had the whip hand and was taking full advantage of it.

"Mr. Maguire," Graham was unusually polite, "I want you to understand this. There is nothing you can say at this time that will cause me to forget that I am in a court of law."

A sneering smile spread across Maguire's face. "Yeh, I been telling the fellers you're just a yellow four-flusher."

Graham turned quickly to the judge.

"Your Honor," he said, "in view of the atti-

tude of this witness may I ask the court to take a few minutes' recess?"

"It's a good idea," Judge Calph was glad to bring the proceedings to a close.

"Court's adjourned for 10 minutes!"

The spectators streamed out of the courtroom and lined up at a bar across the street.

Maguire strutted from the room, confident that he had the little "bad man" on the run. The crowd clamoring for drinks in the saloon felt the same. There was a mumble of talk:

"Reckon Yank's got that lawyer buffaloed."

"Never knew a real gun fighter who'd take that kind o' sass."

Maguire shouldered his way to a place at one end of the bar.

"Belly up, gents," he shouted. "Drinks on me!"

His eyes fell on Graham who had squeezed into a spot at the opposite end of the counter.

All 'cept that yellow-livered—"

Both men grabbed for their guns as someone yelled "Look out!"

"I'm not in court now, Maguire!"

The crowd fell back as Graham spoke.

Two shots exploded at almost the same instant. Maguire staggered from a wound in the chest but didn't fall. He steadied himself on the bar and kept shooting.

HIS first bullet took effect, too. It hit Graham's gun hand and ploughed into his shoulder.

It was a freak shot that jammed his six-shooter. As Graham fumbled with the mechanism, the cylinder dropped to the floor. He was at the mercy of the other man.

Maguire took the advantage. He was reeling from the effect of his wound and was firing wildly. One of his bullets tore through the crown of Graham's plug hat, but the others missed.

Shielding himself the best he could behind the end of the bar, Graham retrieved the missing part of his six-shooter, deliberately replaced it while dodging lead, then went into action again.

Most of the bystanders had fallen to the floor, trying to get out of the line of fire. Another bullet from Graham's gun ripped into his enemy just as one of Maguire's wild shots struck a man huddled against the bar.

When the innocent victim fell, the saloon proprietor leaped over the bar and collared Graham. Others overpowered Maguire.

That wasn't much of a job. The big "bad man" was sinking fast. His six-shooter had barely been wrested from his hand before he slumped to the floor. In a few minutes he was dead.

The little man who didn't want to be a gun fighter still was the champion of the camp.

His supremacy wasn't challenged again, but try as he would there was nothing he could do to live down the reputation. To his disappointment he died better known for his deadly aim than for his ability as a lawyer.

"A reputation like mine is a curse to any man," he remarked to friends.

"Every fool who wants to earn a name as a desperado thinks he is obliged to have a fight with you. You are expected to settle every grievance with a bullet."

"If I had my life to live over, nothing short of dishonor would make me fight anybody."

Next week—For the Heart of Mary Blackburn.

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William Walter—His Famous Flibbust Almost Never Happened.



Life is just a bowl of bubbles

IVORY'S IMPROVED! NOW IT SWISHES UP MORE SUDS FASTER!

BIG NEWS about baby-mild Ivory! The most famous soap in the world has been improved! See how it swishes up heaps of pure, mild suds in a hurry! So now it's more fun for baby, more speed for mother and the same tender care for baby's tender skin. More doctors, remember, advise Ivory than any other brand of soap!

YOUR SKIN NEVER OUTGROWS IVORY! Pure, mild Ivory has coddled babies' skin for generations. Millions of Ivory babies have grown up to be glamour girls—girls with radiant, youthful, naturally lovely complexions. Ivory

has a beauty record no soap can equal. Always use pure, mild Ivory Soap for baby—begin using it regularly for your own complexion.



GET THAT IVORY LOOK! If you'll promise yourself never again to be careless about your complexion—if you'll start using pure, mild Ivory regularly—you can have a smoother, lovelier skin—(Yes, *That Ivory Look!*) in just one week. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? It is! Pure, mild Ivory, sudsier Ivory—for baby, for you.

*More doctors advise Ivory
than any other soap*

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE... IT FLOATS

By Ursula Trow

"SIX more days, only six more days and I've got to be in shape to sing. Can I? Just six more days," the refrain kept running through the mind of blues singer Lillian Roth. "I mustn't fail again."

The onetime millionairess stage, screen and nightclub star had just come out of the hospital after six months of psychiatric treatment—six months of digging into the recesses of her mind, to discover what had made her an alcoholic.

The doctors had done all they could for her, but she was frightened.

Milton Berle, who had been like a big brother to her for many years, got her a job at a small nightclub.

Lillian didn't want to disappoint him. If all these doubts would just stop plaguing her.

"Who would want to hear me sing?" she thought. "I can't face people. I'll be a disgrace again."

In desperation she went to Alcoholics Anonymous, the national organization dedicated to rescuing others from the same plight in which they themselves were once entangled.

Members of Alcoholics Anonymous formed a protective committee,

Comeback of Lillian Roth

Lillian Roth—"Who Would Want to Hear Me Sing?" She Thought. "I Can't Face People."



a sort of guardian squad, and for the next six days she was never alone.

Wherever she went, members of the organization were with her. They attended rehearsals with her. They sat up with her, far into the night.

When temptation beckoned, they encouraged her to talk, and then convinced her she was not unique, that there was no need for self-pity. They taught her not to condemn the past nor worry about the future.

Only the present mattered. They taught her a wise little prayer:

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

Thus minute by minute the days ticked by. Strain gave way to relaxation; anxiety to calm trust. For the first time in her life Lillian Roth felt an inner buoyancy.

Before she realized it the sixth day was upon her and she sang. At 36, Lillian Roth showed those who had shunned her as a hopeless inebriate that she was not through.

From the small nightclub she went back up to the top, earning high salaries at New York and Miami nightclubs. More important was the return of her self-respect.

Lillian can't remember when she crossed the borderline from social drinker to chronic drinker. There was no harm, she thought, in taking an extra cocktail after a party and a bracer in the morning. The desire for drink was like a disease.

Why should a young woman who had everything—wealth, fame, excitement—want to stay continually intoxicated? Lillian Roth had been a child movie star at five. At six she'd made her stage debut.

An expert impersonator, she toured with vaudeville at ten. Five years later she was singing in musicals. Carroll and Ziegfeld put her name in lights when she was 18, and somewhere along the line Lillian was worth a million dollars.

She bought herself a Hollywood mansion, had hundreds of friends and was engaged to her childhood sweetheart, Herbert Oshinsky.

The sudden death of her fiancé two weeks before their wedding day may have been the turning point in her life. The shock to her nervous system was severe.

Medicine, she says, did no good and a cocktail was more satisfying.

While on this emotional merry-go-round Lillian met and married William C. Scott, lumber heir and aviator. That marriage soon failed. She had hoped her next marriage, to Municipal Court Justice Benjamin Shalleck, would succeed.

She gave up her career and went domestic for its sake. It didn't work.

That marriage, too, ended in divorce. Her next marriage, to Eugene J. Weiner, New York importer, made headline news. Just before the wedding Weiner broke Lillian's jaw during a quarrel. She took him to court, then dropped the charges saying it had been a lovers' quarrel.

Shortly afterwards they married. Six weeks later in a divorce complaint, she charged Weiner with hurling a telephone book at her.

Her next marriage was to Edward Goldman, California produce grower—which went the way of the others.

Domestic troubles, financial troubles, resentful at being ill and shaky—there were times, she says, when the open window of her room looked very inviting. A year ago she reached rock bottom financially and went back to New York to hide.

Credit for her miraculous comeback, Lillian feels, is largely due to Alcoholics Anonymous.

She also gives them credit for her marital "comeback." Last January Lillian married Burt McGuire, a brave young man who despite a leg injury enlisted in the American Field Service and served 18 months overseas. They met through A.A. and radiate their devotion to each other. What about the future? As this is written, Lillian says she rarely thinks that far ahead. She hopes to get around to writing a book. Burt is a publisher. He also owns property in Connecticut, on which they plan to build a house and settle down. Lillian has always been interested in child welfare and day nurseries, and she'd like to do that work again when singing is no longer feasible.

THAT \$4,000 SLAP



By Warren Hall

SARAH LAWRENCE is a fashionable college and its alumnae magazine is a very conservative publication, so, despite a suggestion to the contrary, there is little likelihood that the aforementioned journal will carry a story about the divorce raid in which one of the graduates found her husband in the company of a classmate.

Neither is it probable that the alumnae will learn from the college periodical that one of Sarah Lawrence's most charming ex-students sued that same husband for slapping her and won a \$4,000 verdict.

The suggestion as to what the classmates might consider interesting reading matter came from Jean Bennett McDonald. Since leaving Sarah Lawrence, Jean has been married twice and divorced the same number of times.

She departed from the campus at Bronxville, N. Y., at the same time as Dorothy Holzinger, a stately brunette who, on March 8, 1943, became the wife of Frederick W. Frost, executive of a large company.

There was, consequently, no lack of recognition when Mrs. Frost, accompanied by her mother and a pri-

vate detective, entered the Frost apartment in Manhattan shortly after midnight one morning last summer and found her husband entertaining Jean under somewhat unconventional circumstances.

"Well," Jean said in what was described later in court as 'a sneering tone of voice,' "this ought to make interesting news for the Sarah Lawrence alumnae magazine."

The details of the surprise visit were described to Supreme Court Justice A. Valente in New York by Mrs. Martha B. Holzinger, a witness in her daughter's divorce suit. She and Dorothy and the detective, Mrs. Shelby Williams, let themselves into the apartment, she said, with a pass-key which Dorothy retained since she separated from her husband earlier in the year.

"When we first got in," the mother said, "we saw Mrs. McDonald in a chair. Mr. Frost was on a couch near the chair. There were highball glasses on a table near by and both had been drinking. There were smudges of lipstick on Fred's chin."

"I said: 'Fred, you've been running around with Jean for some time and you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'"

"He said: 'I wasn't doing anything wrong. We were just having some drinks.'"

"I said: 'But, Fred, you've got lipstick all over your face.'"

"He said: 'I don't see how that could be.'"

It was Mrs. Holzinger who quoted Jean on the remark about the college paper, which apparently was her only comment on the situation.

Two other private detectives contributed what they called a "course of conduct," based on two months during which they shadowed Frost and Mrs. McDonald. It contained such items as:

"Walked along Park Ave. to Madison Bar, swinging hands."

"Drove in cab to No. 1 Fifth Ave. Bar. Held hands in cab and kissed."

"Browsed in bookshops on Fourth Ave., and later he bought her a soda at a sidewalk fountain."

The final scene of each episode was the same, and its repetition evoked frequent titters.

"And what happened when they reach Mrs. McDonald's apartment house?"

"Mr. Frost put his arms around her, gave her a hug and kissed her."

Justice Valente reserved decision on the divorce suit, which was not nearly as bitterly contested as the damage suit which preceded it.

That unusual piece of litigation, in which Mrs. Frost asked \$25,000, was the outcome of an incident which she described in court. It happened, she said, about midnight on June 7, 1945, while her husband was in the Navy and they were occupying a small apartment in Washington, D. C.

"We had been home about an hour and a half and had had crackers and milk and I finally went to the bedroom. I tried to persuade my husband to come, too, but he said he would stay up a while and listen to some records. In about 20 minutes he came to the bedroom and started a discussion. He called me names but I didn't answer him."

"He came toward me. I backed up a little bit. He hit me as hard as anyone could. I suppose, I screamed and fell to the floor and everything went black. When I came to, he was in bed. I got out of the room somehow and the phone rang and it was the superintendent saying

that the tenants had heard me scream and should she come up? I said no.

"The next morning when I brought him his orange juice, he said: 'I hope you're satisfied. You screamed like a fishwife last night.'"

Mrs. Frost said she couldn't hear with her left ear and was so dizzy she could hardly stand. She went to a Navy doctor and later to a specialist who told her that she probably would always be partially deaf.

There was conflicting testimony from experts as to whether the husband's blow, which he said was mere-

ly a hard slap, could have caused the deafness. Even if it were responsible, Frost said, he was provoked into delivering it by his wife's demand for \$50,000 for a divorce and her implication that she might report their difficulties to his father, who was ill.

The judge decided that the slap ought to cost the husband \$4,000, but Mrs. Frost, filing a notice of appeal, insisted that amount wasn't adequate. In addition, she maintained, the slapper should be slapped with enough punitive damages to make him think twice before doing it again.

Illustrated by
MAXINE LESTER



The Private Dick Testified He Observed the Same Scene Every Time He Followed the Two-some to the Lady's Apartment House.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

The Two Bing Crosbys

By Ray Helgesen

From a Happy-Go-Lucky Actor-Crooner to a Shrewd Big Business Operator—and Vice Versa—is a Natural Shuttie for the Father of Four Sons.

LIKE a talking machine record Bing Crosby has two sides.

There's the gay, lackadaisical, nonchalant, casual and seemingly carefree Crosby that the public knows. Then there's the businessman-old-fashioned father who has three corporations to protect his \$1,000,000 a year plus income and who sends his eldest boy, 13-year-old Gary, to his Nevada ranch each summer to pick whistles at a dollar a day, "because I want him to earn it the hard way."

The gay and seemingly careless side is best illustrated, perhaps, by a true story.

Back in 1939 Bing attended the Aquacade at the New York World's Fair. A friend was admiring the diving exhibitions from the high board (30 feet) and giving Bing a talk on the skill and daring required for such a performance.

Bing listened quietly and, finally, scoffed: "Aw, I'll bet I could do it."

One word led to another until the annoyed friend offered to bet \$100 Bing couldn't do it.

"Okay," said Bing, "Here we go. Hold my hat, sonny."

A few seconds later the fully-dressed Crosby walked out on the high board and, with his pipe still in his mouth, executed a beautiful swan dive.

Then he came back and collected from his surprised friend who was Johnny Weissmuller, the champion swimmer. The huge audience never learned the identity of the pipe-diver. That's the Crosby many people know and love.

Then there's the Crosby of the Crosby Investment Corp., Bing Crosby Enterprises and Bing Crosby, Inc. who hides behind a nonchalant exterior a trigger-fast business brain that makes his mugg chums (his description of his closest friends) tap their temples significantly and say, "Up here with Crosby it's always thinking. Wonder he isn't crazy, with that thinking."

Despite his effort to conceal it, the sentimental Irish side shows early in the makeup of his three companies. They occupy their own three-story Crosby building at 9025 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and are staffed as far as is possible by members of his family.

His older brother, Everett, is his business manager and front man who supervises all the details of Bing's varied interests except his National League Baseball Club, the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Everett is a former truck salesman who gave up trucks to manage Bing 16 years ago. His duty of saying no for Bing has given him the reputation of being hard-boiled. But it isn't a true picture. Actually, he's just another sentimental Crosby.

Bing's father, a vice-president of all three companies, now 76, sees that Everett's decisions are executed. Larry, another brother, is Bing's public relations man while Bob, the youngest, has his own band under Bing's aegis and is handled by Bing's talent agency.

Sisters Catherine and Mary Rose formerly worked for him but are now married and living in Southern California.

Only Ted, the remaining brother, is not connected with Bing's companies. He remains in Spokane, where the Crosby kids were raised, and where he works for a power company.

Bing's three companies control

June 15, 1947

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June 15, 1947

six major enterprises, topped, perhaps, by his yearly output of phonograph records whose sales this year will run to 20,000,000 and net him between \$300,000 and \$600,000.

Then comes his radio show, his picture interests, his baseball club and his two ranches—a 10,000-acre cattle ranch near Elko, Nevada, where he raises 2,500 head of cattle and a lease on 30,000 acres near San Luis Gonzaga, Calif., where he grazes 3,000 head.

At the end of the year the Crosby income (before taxes) is likely to break down something like this:

From records	\$300,000
From 2 motion pictures	300,000
From 39 radio shows	312,000

Total \$1,112,000

He admits he doesn't know how much he makes from his two ranches, if anything, while this is his first year's connection with the baseball club.

Since their Toluca Lake house burned down on Christmas Day in

1944, due to defective wiring on the Christmas tree, Bing has built an 18-room house in Holmby Hills.

It's no mansion, Bing says, but it's surrounded by three acres of trees and lawn where Bing and his four boys, Gary (for Gary Cooper), the twins, Philip and Dennis, 12, and Lindsay, 8, romp and play baseball as often as the 42-year-old father thinks he can stand it.

It usually takes them less than a half hour to send him to the showers, Bing says.

Though Crosby is an excellent swimmer, and once in grade school won 11 medals at a swimming meet, his home is without a pool.

Near his new home Bing built a house for his father and mother and always stops there on his way to the golf links to say hello to his mother,

who helped him save his pennies when a boy in Tacoma and Spokane to buy his first musical instrument, a drum.

Thus the Crosby family hangs close together. They don't entertain much and are rarely seen in night clubs.

But all this wasn't easy for Bing. There was a time, in the late '20s, when Bing was fast on his way to becoming a lovable inebriate. Then Dixie Lee, a Fox starlet, who knew that what little money he had usually went for liquor, married him against the best advice in Hollywood.

Except for a short period about five months after they were married they've been among the happiest couples in Hollywood. No longer does he suffer the Lost Weekends that were so frequent during his early career.

Crosby is an old-fashioned father who doesn't hesitate to spank his four sons when they get out of line. He calls them the Irishers, or My Guys and treats them like grownups. Mrs. Crosby sometimes calls them The Commandos. They're that kind of kids.

But Bing loves children. It was children who caused him to leave one of his greatest sports loves, racing, where he had a thriving stable and some great horses with Lindsay Howard.

Much against his will he sold his racing interests and last winter bought an interest in the Pittsburgh baseball club.

A friend, knowing his love of racing, asked him why.

"Well," Bing said, "I think the kids would like it better."

"You mean your own kids, Gary and the rest of them?"

"No," Bing answered slowly, "I mean all kids. Racing isn't good for them. I think they'd sooner see me in baseball."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 11

[illegible]

Dorothy Parker
Shown With Husband
Could Almost Be Said
to Have—Just as
Upon the Case
Dorothy

Worning Father,
 Shown With Husband
 Alan Campbell.
 Could Always Laugh
 at Love—Until It
 Flipped. Broken,
 Upon Her Own
 Doorstep

nothing of the kind. How they must have fun in common, their friends didn't know, he gay and happy fellows, she writing one dismal poem after another, sandwiched in between short stories, polished in style and deep in insight but always a little bitter than bitter sweet.

Astra Dome of Chair Car - deep-cushioned comfort, a matchless view



Stroll through the Train of Tomorrow and see the

Conceived by General Motors engineers and stylists, this new train, from the powerful Diesel locomotive to its unique and beautiful observation car, is packed throughout with vivid and stimulating ideas for future travel pleasure. Among these is the Astra Dome, a 32-foot glass-enclosed observation deck built into the

Local newspapers will tell you when this blue and silver dream - come - true will be on display in your section of the country. Be sure to see it.

Because all through our history we have been interested in the improvement of all forms of travel, and creating this train has given us still another opportunity to fulfill our aim of "MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE."

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, Monday and Friday evenings,
over 350 Mutual stations, coast to coast. Hear him!

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK & COACH • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GM DIESEL • ELECTRO-MOTIVE • DELCO PRODUCTS • HYATT BEARING

Boxing's Barnum—Fabulous Jimmy Johnston

When Jimmy's Boys Had Finished With Pat Mulligan, the Philadelphia Irishman, China Had a New Lightweight Champion, Chinatown a New Idol.



By Irving Johnson

JIMMY JOHNSTON took one look at Pat Mulligan and decided to bill him as the lightweight champion of China.

Johnston, promoting fights at New York's St. Nicholas Rink at the time, was impressed by the Irishman's squinty eyes.

He renamed him Ah Chung (after Johnston's laundryman) and had him made up with yellow skin dye, soup-bowl haircut, flowered kimono and wooden shoes.

Chinatown crowded the ringside when the Irish Oriental won his first start by a knockout.

This was a pleasant surprise for the promoter, who hadn't even seen his new champion in a workout.

"Chung" scored a second kayo before another packed house and then the golden vein ran out.

The end came when Mulligan-Chung was in an accident in Central Park and began spouting some fine Philadelphia Navy Yard back-talk at a couple of cops.

Johnston, whose recent death recalled some of the fanciest diodes in boxing history, took the loss of his Chinese champion with little loss of aplomb. He was seldom without something extravagant to spiel about.

The Chung buildup was only one of many fine feathers that adorned his gay bowler in 50 years of fighting, managing, matchmaking and promoting.

Son of an ironmolder and an ironmolder himself for a while, James J. Johnston was the first man in boxing to take up thinking for a living.

With him facts never stood in the way of (box office) figures and the crowd, not the performance, was always the thing.

They called him the Boy Bandit of Broadway even after he was 60, and sprey Jimmy never cared what they called him so long as it was something—and they remembered to spell his name—sTon.

One prize promotion was George Rodel, a giant South African with little heart and less ability. He re-

christened him Boer Rodel and advertised him as a hero of the Boer War.

This was a wonderful delusion and paid handsome dividends till somebody figured out Rodel was only three at the time of the war.

Johnston maneuvered Rodel into a bout with Jess Willard and actually won it for him.

Willard had already killed one man in the ring and Johnston, visiting him before the fight, reminded the huge cowboy that Rodel had a bad heart (which he didn't).

Willard, afraid to punch hard, lost the decision and was ridiculed as the rankest of all the white hopes.

Willard and Rodel fought again, but this time Willard knocked out the South African with celerity.

He had learned how Johnston tricked him the first time.

In those days, managers sent their own accounts of out-of-town fights to the New York newspapers.

Rodel fought Bill Brennan, managed by Leo P. Flynn, in Scranton one night and took a terrific beating.

Flynn watched Johnston every minute of their stay in the Pennsylvania town and was startled to read in the newspapers:

FOUND AN HONEST MAN-AGER, CONFESSES FIGHTER'S DEFEAT.

The story was based on a telegram, supposedly sent by Flynn, admitting "Boer Rodel punched holes

in Bill Brennan" etc. Flynn demanded an explanation.

Johnston, implishly grinning, said, "You can meet people in washrooms and send messages from there, too."

When it came to hoopla, Johnston was at his best. One night he packed a house by installing feminine ushers and advertising a ringside speech by suffragette leaders.

Another time, he offered William Jennings Bryan \$300 to speak on any subject he chose at St. Nick's.

The offer was rejected with thanks, but a capacity crowd saw Al Panzer fight Charley Miller.

He introduced "the astounding and amazingly agile" Andre Anderson, Chicago heavyweight, to New York and succeeded in matching him against Battling Jim Johnston, an accomplished Negro heavy.

He learned Johnston had recovered from an attack of rheumatics and had to be wary of the cold.

Johnston sought out the Negro's second and warned him the fighter had tropical fever.

The second, following Johnston's advice, doused the fighter with ice water after every round and Anderson, surviving an early hammering, won by a knockout over the cold-stiffened Johnston.

Boxing's Little Barnum had a sellout for the Jack Sharkey-Mickey

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

Walker affair some years ago when Sharkey came up with a bad hand. The large Bostonian said he couldn't go through with the fight.

Johnston was solicitous. He took Sharkey to his own doctor, who examined the hand and said it would be all right by fight time.

The doctor suggested the ex-sailor lay off boxing a while.

The fight went on before a \$225,000 house. Sharkey, puffing and badly off in his timing, was lucky to hold little Walker to a draw.

By now he probably knows the medico was merely acting under the Boy Bandit's instructions.

Johnston, among other qualities, had more courage and galle than most of the fighters he handled.

As a young man, weighing 120, he tossed two of New York's most terrifying gangsters, Gyp the Blood and Lefty Louie (both later to be executed in a famous murder case) out of Madison Square Garden.

He kicked and punched both into a coma.

Johnston handled some 10,000 fighters down through the years and seven of them were honest-to-goodness champions.

Good or bad, and the records show how bad some of them were (Phalling Phil Scott, for example) he always got the crowds in to watch them.

Barnum himself couldn't have done better.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



**Only one soap
gives your
skin this exciting
Bouquet**

**Do you want the fragrant
appeal known to so many popular girls?**

After you've said good-night, will the fragrant memory of you linger lovingly in his senses? Of course it will, if you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. For then your skin whispers of the *fragrance men love*. This tantalizing bouquet comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Be forever dainty; forever fastidious.

Do as popular girls have done for seventy-eight romantic years—bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Lovely for your complexion, too.

**Cashmere
Bouquet**



*Adorns your skin with
the fragrance men love—*

By Booton Herndon

A LITTLE red-haired girl fussed aimlessly with the papers on her desk in the advertising department of a great New York store. She was inexperienced, un-
 ... was to write a headline was. In
 ... she wrote for
 ... simple phras-
 ... and being honest
 ... because it ushered

WORKING GIRLS

WITH Big Ideas—

MARY LEWIS

Illustrated
 by
 MIRIAM
 TROOP



Miss Lewis Caters to Children, Teen-Age Girls and Young Women. Says the Only Clothes She Sells Are the Clothes She Likes.

In a new era of merchandising, the red-haired girl, whose name was Mary Lewis, ceased to be a nonentity. Today she is one of the most successful women in America.

There were times, probably, when Mary Lewis might have been tempted to trade all her future riches and fame for one square meal. She first came to New York when she was 13 years old, with her widowed mother. Her mother worked while Mary finished high school, and then Mary became a breadwinner too.

She got a wonderful job—as a salesgirl in a department store for \$9 a week. Though she has established a reputation as a near-genius at styling dresses and then selling them, her first job was far removed from that. She was trying to

"Any success I may have had," she says now, not feigning coyness but frankly, "was due to a colossal luck. I got the breaks all the way through."

Her first break was meeting the manager of the advertising department. Another salesgirl just casually introduced them, and the manager thought maybe he could use her in advertising. Some weeks later he got her transferred.

Then, after her advertisement featuring the "Made in America" slogan made her famous, the ad man went off to war, leaving Mary more or less on her own. She learned to write advertisements the hard way, with herself as boss, and with no advice.

"Of course," Miss Lewis says now, "I worked hard. I was lucky to like what I was doing, and so I didn't mind working long hours over the copy until it was just what I wanted."

When her boss got back, Mary shifted over to Best & Co. There she stumbled into something else. She found that she could write better ads about something that honestly pleased her than about something that left her cold. Not only was the copy

better, but the results—sales and dollars—were better, too.

"I just happened to discover that I had good taste in clothes," she explains. "It was purely an accident."

That discovery made, Miss Lewis began casting a word of advice here and there to the store's buyers. They found out, too, that the red-haired girl in advertising knew what she was talking about. Before long she was being called in frequently to decide what lines to favor, what materials would be in vogue—what, in short, the customers would buy.

That was how she became a vice president at Best's, and the highest-paid woman in retail advertising and selling. Her salary was reputed to go over \$50,000 a year. After 19 years at Best's she moved over to Saks Fifth Avenue store, as vice-presi-

dent in charge of promotion. A year of that, and she decided to go into business for herself.

She is now, at the age of 49, at the peak of her career, with her own store. She caters to children, teen-aged girls, and young women up to 30. She chooses her stocks herself and writes her own advertising copy.

"The clothes I sell are the clothes I like," she says. "They're not expensive, and I see no reason why they should be. If I can sell something at a reasonable price, make a profit on it, and have the girl who buys it look well-dressed at the same time, I'm happy. Sometimes the priced garments are even smaller than the expensive things. If a girl wants to go sailing, she can get some mighty fine blue jeans in my store for \$2.95. If she wants to wear doeskin slacks on a catboat and is silly, she can go somewhere else."

The only success secret, other than luck, which Miss Lewis confesses to is an ability to get along with people. She found out, as an executive, that other people liked to get some of the credit for a good job too, and she always shared it. She also likes to be honest with people, whether it's customer or janitor.

The office of the head of Mary Lewis, Inc., on Fifth Avenue, is a grimy little cell on the fifth floor, overlooking an alley. Her desk is a table strewn with papers, and she sits in a straight chair. She manages to get along with one telephone, and

when she wants her secretary, she yells. Many an executive making one-tenth of her income would be insulted if assigned such an office.

Her home is what some people might call a swanky apartment on Park avenue. She has a housekeeper who cleans and cooks. Miss Lewis is definitely not the housewife type she has been married but is now divorced—but she can't resist redecorating her apartment every time she gets tired of it. That is quite often. When she gets tired of looking at it the way it is, she puts on her old clothes and calls in the painters. She plans the renovation herself, and overses the work.

"It's fun," she says. "If it weren't, I wouldn't do it, and that goes for my business, too. I'm lucky to be able to be where I am, just having fun."

Joan Crawford Goes Steady With Lawyer Greg Bautzer, Who Was at One Time or Another Reported Engaged to Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner.



WANTED: HUSBANDS OFF THE SCREEN

By Leonard Riblett

HOLLYWOOD'S glamour girls have many problems.

There seems to be an acute shortage of desirable escorts in the film colony, where gorgeous hunks of masculinity are so numerous that they get in one another's way.

For reasons of their own the ladies of the screen nowadays are showing a decided preference for men who have nothing to do with the business of making motion pictures.

Joan Crawford, who has an Academy Award and divorces from actors Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a leading example.

Her current interest is Greg Bautzer, who, though it pains him greatly, is called the Beau Brummell of the legal profession in Hollywood.

Bautzer, an attorney both brilliant and handsome, long has been the escort of some of the lowliest ladies of filmland. He has made romantic news for columnists, reportedly being engaged first to Dorothy Lamour, then to Lana Turner.

In fact, Bautzer apparently was Lana's most ardent suitor when she surprised everyone, including Greg himself, by eloping with that marrying bandmaster, Artie Shaw.

"Women," says Bautzer, sadly, "show marked preference for everybody but me."

This business of marriage is a headache for those stars and starlets

who desire a firmer grip on their careers before combining film work and house work.

When an attractive man comes along, someone grabs him, making the shortage of escorts more acute. For instance, Sylvia Sydney and Advertising Executive Carleton Alsop were married in March. Alsop, who was regarded as "quite a catch," once was the husband of actress Martha Scott.

As further proof that actresses prefer non-actors, Martha is now the wife of Mel Powell, a pianist in the Benary Goodman band.

Recently married were Bonita Granville and millionaire oil man Jack Deveraux Wrather. Many a film beauty wanted the handsome, 28-year-old Texan, but Bonita has taken him out of circulation.

Others on the "favorite escort" list are John McClain, Harry Karl and Arnold Kunody. Karl, a wealthy shoe man, was the constant escort of Ann Miller before she married Reese Llewellyn Milner. Now he accompanies Marie "The Body" McDonald.

Kunody, an insurance executive, is escorting Betty Jane Greer, the former Mrs. Rudy Vallee, these days. And don't forget Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan, the man who beat the publicity drums for Miami Beach, Eddie Rickenbacker and San Valley.

Why do the screen's glamour girls prefer non-actors as escorts?

Martha Vickers, whose heart inter-

est seems to be a Chicago publicity man, says:

"Most actors are too self-centered and too interested in their own work. All they want to talk about is motion pictures, and after a day at the studio that is the last thing one wants to hear. Furthermore, they are too busy attracting attention to themselves to be interesting escorts."

Joan Leslie, who moved to Eagle-Lion after her battle with Warner Brothers, is even more emphatic.

"A girl in show business," Joan declares, "should have a counter-balance in the form of someone outside the theatre. This prevents her from losing all sense of reality. Motion picture life, after all, is make-believe. In the world outside show business it would be extremely trying to carry on with this same pretense."

Hollywood insiders are more definite as to why actresses are often indifferent toward actors.

Non-actors, they point out, have more time to devote to the glamour girls. To non-actors the stars and starlets still are fascinating as such.

Also, the non-professional is willing to stay in the background when an actress glows in the public's limelight. There is no question of top billing, no conflict of temperament.

Among actresses who have married men foreign to things Hollywood is Norma Shearer. Norma's husband is Martin Arrouge, former Sun Valley ski instructor, whom she met

while he was giving her children lessons.

Theirs are heart-shaped wedding rings, hers made of gold and his of silver, which carry the inscription, "Everything leads me to thee."

Another successful though-at-times-a-bit-hectic marriage is that of Betty Hutton, the blond bombshell, to Ted Briskin, camera manufacturer.

Betty once was engaged to Perc Westmore, of the makeup clan, and often was seen with Victor Mature, but she married a man not connected with motion pictures.

But the Briskins had their difficulties, too, Betty declaring that her groom was interfering with her movie work. After a stormy 24-hour separation, Betty said:

"Ted has promised to stop sitting in on studio conferences and trying to boss my career from the sidelines."

Briskin, who had found it difficult to understand that when his wife was making a picture she had no thought for anything else, declared:

"When we were wed, 'till death do us part' meant more to us than just a recitation. Betty and I hope to live to be 85 and to go on arguing."

One of Hollywood's most successful marriages is that of Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman. Miss Colbert has said:

"It is refreshing to be in the company of a man who is not in motion pictures, but who is engaged in a work more dramatic than my own."

Benay Venuta, musical comedy star, also champions the "marry outside the profession" school, and has done so twice. She says:

"I'm a real ham. Everyone knows it. And it's practically fatal for one ham to marry another."

**Don't let dishwashing
dim the beauty of your hands!**



Even not-so-newly-married ladies like to be lovely as brides. And Chiffon Flakes help them! Because Chiffon's perfect purity keeps hands soft and lovely, no matter how often you wash dishes. And those quick-lathering Chiffon suds get glasses, dishes sparkling clean in a hurry. Good reasons to use Chiffon Soap Flakes always.



**Chiffon's purity protects
fabric beauty, too!**

The pure-soap mildness that's so kind to your hands makes Chiffon first choice for lovely washables, too. Chiffon's split-second suds float away dirt gently, thoroughly. Colors come alive and lovely. Chiffon helps fine fabrics last longer, look their best.



**NO PURER
SOAP
WAS EVER
MADE**

A product of Armour and Company

By Thomas Parran, M. D.
Surgeon General, U. S. Public
Health Service

DEATH laughs at people who fear dentists, and doctors. John Smith consults his doctor about a lump on his neck. It doesn't hurt, but Smith is worried—it may turn out to be cancer.

A well-trained physician does not make a snap decision. He checks his considered judgment with modern methods of diagnosis.

For cancer there is no single, simple test. Using a local anesthetic, the doctor might start his diagnosis by deftly removing a tiny piece of tissue from the lump on Smith's neck.

If the microscope shows cancer, the doctor does not stop here. He knows that particles break away from most cancers and are carried to other parts of the body through the blood.

The doctor now looks for places where the cancer may have started or spread.

He X-rays bones for malignant growth. Then he may inject opaque fluid into stomach, bowels or bladder so they too will show up in X-ray.

Next he uses other tools of today's diagnosis—delicate searching instruments. He may examine the patient's throat with a mirrored esophagoscope, his windpipe with a bronchoscope. Or he may inflate a body cavity to make it easier to examine.

Whatever the diagnosis, John Smith did right to consult his doctor early. Chances for cure are three to eight times greater for cancer which is diagnosed and treated early.

Cancer, second only to heart disease as a cause of American deaths, kills 180,000 people annually. We can cut down this tragic toll if every well person has at least a yearly physical examination. Don't wait for pain.

Have your doctor check lumps. Irregular bleeding or discharge, unexplained indigestion, loss of weight

transfusion and every couple expecting a child should be tested for the Rh blood factor. Doctors now can prevent transfusion reactions due to the Rh factor.

Further, they often can forecast blood disease before a child's birth, and save the baby's life by prompt transfusion of blood of the proper Rh type.

The searchlights of modern diagnosis were aimed recently at two serious diseases when Savannah, Ga., conducted a six-week campaign to uncover tuberculosis and syphilis.

Not only did this large-scale diagnosis reveal 3,000 unsuspected cases of syphilis and 425 persons with lesions characteristic of tuberculosis, but it saved years of suffering for countless well people who might otherwise have been infected.

How did Savannah do it? They did

**Don't Wait Till It's
Too Late to See Your
Doctor—Many Fatal
Diseases, Such as
Cancer, Are Curable
in Their Early Stages.**



DON'T BE *Afraid* OF YOUR DOCTOR

or sores which do not heal, changes in size or color of moles or warts. There are tumor detection clinics in many cities. Don't be afraid to go to the tumor clinic nearest you—many unnatural growths prove harmless. Remember—much cancer is curable, but each is an emergency!

Another life-saving resource of present-day diagnosis is the test for the Rh blood factor. For years doctors were puzzled by certain blood diseases, often fatal; in newborn infants, and by the reactions of some patients to blood transfusions. The key to this medical mystery was the discovery in 1940 of the Rh blood factor, and the development of practical tests for its presence.

Approximately 15 out of every 100 white persons, five in 100 Negroes and one in 100 Chinese lack the Rh blood factor—their blood is Rh negative. If Rh positive blood reaches the bloodstream of an Rh negative person, antibodies eventually are set up which literally destroy Rh positive blood cells.

Thus an Rh negative person may receive one or more transfusions of Rh positive blood without immediate ill effects. But antibodies, which fight these transfusions, may in a later transfusion of Rh positive blood destroy the fresh blood intended to save the patient. The reaction may cause serious illness or even death.

This also can happen to the Rh positive baby of an Rh negative mother. During pregnancy, the infant's blood may become mixed with the mother's, and antibodies created in the mother's bloodstream.

In a later pregnancy, these antibodies may get into the child's system, destroy the baby's Rh positive cells, and cause trouble.

Every person about to receive a

transfusion and every couple expecting a child should be tested for the Rh blood factor. Doctors now can prevent transfusion reactions due to the Rh factor.

They used recently developed mass case-finding techniques. To bring TB out of hiding, they used X-ray, the disease detective which shows up the shadows of tuberculous lungs. X-ray reveals even the early stages, when tuberculosis is still a "silent" disease without danger signals like fatigue, coughing and fever.

Only a few years ago, scientists developed a new X-ray machine called the photofluorograph which can take chest pictures of 500 persons a day on its miniature film. With this diagnostic aid, Savannah was able to X-ray 74,311 people in 45 days.

Under a national plan using all our resources, we could X-ray every adult in the country in five years.

Tuberculosis victims who find out early about their disease, and receive sanatorium treatment, usually recover. But the longer they wait for diagnosis and treatment, the smaller their chances of getting well.

Just as important, each tuberculous patient who is discovered and treated saves dozens—perhaps hundreds—of other people from the disease.

Savannah's two-way survey tracked down syphilis with blood tests. Blood samples of the city's residents were examined for the spirochete, the cork-shaped syphilis germ which causes one out of every eight cases of blindness, attacks about 250,000 persons each year, brings hundreds of babies into the world dead, fills every 12th bed in our mental hospitals, and kills thousands annually.

Most of these afflictions strike in

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

the later stages of syphilis. If the disease is diagnosed early, most cases can be cured in nine to 14 days with penicillin, alone or in combination with arsenical drugs.

The Public Health Service cooperated not only with Savannah's health department in the city's case-finding survey, but also in syphilis tests in several other communities, including Birmingham, Oklahoma City, Louisville, and New Orleans.

The diagnostic methods used are not new, but the mass technique is relatively recent. With it local health agencies, assisted by community groups, can do much to improve the health of their citizens.

Tuberculosis, this country's first killer in 1900, has been forced back to seventh place. The real battle against it began when people learned the truth about TB—that it can be detected, and when it is, it can usually be arrested.

This same weapon, education, by a team composed of church, school, home and community can wipe out venereal disease. The American Social Hygiene Association is the pioneer private organization leading the fight against VD. For almost 40 years, ASHA has worked to let the American people know how VD can be prevented and how early diagnosis can halt its spread.

There are the wonders of modern diagnostic devices. Their promise remains unfulfilled, however, until these results are brought to the individual man, woman or child.

Although widespread, our national health problem today is an individual one. Since 1900 we have eliminated most of the infectious diseases as public health menaces, thereby increasing the average American lifespan by 16 years.

Now more of our people live to become victims of the non-communicable diseases of middle age—of disabling arthritis, rheumatic fever and mental illnesses; of our two top killers, heart disease and cancer.

We cannot attack these as we did typhoid fever, diphtheria and other contagious diseases, through water and milk sanitation, inoculation and similar preventive measures.

The degenerative diseases of later life must be conquered through individual treatment. The first step toward this is accurate diagnosis.

This is today's challenge to the medical world, to find the basic causes of this suffering and death; it is a challenge to private physicians and to local and federal health agencies, to use our knowledge in every community in the United States through health services, well planned and efficiently carried out.

TANGLED ROMANCES OF Madeleine Force Astor

**Raised by a Doting Mother to Be a Millionaire's Wife, She
Began at the Very Top of the Social Ladder
and Climbed Down to the Bottom.**

By Paul Gallico

THIS is the strange story of an American so young and great beauty, she made an alliance with middle age. When middle age came upon her she tried desperately to recapture youth by marriage. When as a young girl she was offered love she turned it aside and chose to follow the chimera of social position instead. When as a woman of 40 she had wealth, security, children and social position, she abandoned everything for what she thought was love.

She tried the high, the middle and the low, but unlike most she began at the very top of the social ladder and climbed down to the bottom. Once widowed, twice divorced, the names that she bore stand as signposts on her descent—Madeleine Force Astor Dick Fiermonte.

The domestic fortune that beset her during life has left its mark on her family after death. Only recently, her son, William Dick, socially prominent sugar heir, was divorced by Virginia French Dick. Madeleine herself met Enzo Fiermonte, the third husband, who led her to the depths of unhappiness, when the Italian pugilist was engaged to teach William boxing.

There is a key to the paradoxes of Madeleine's stormy life—there always is. It is that she was raised by her doting and socially ambitious mother to be a rich man's wife. And in this she was eminently successful, for when she was 17 years old, she caught the biggest matrimonial game in all America, the then reigning head of the House of Astor.

But her education, her preparation, the life she lived, how her character was formed all conspired to involve her in the most fantastic paradox of all. She herself fell victim to a man of brawn, beauty and muscle who was nothing more nor less than a woman-trap.

Straw through the tale runs pride and ambition, heartbreak, thwarted nature and unfulfilled dreams, scandal, excessive laughter, dilemmas, suit torture, unfortunate decisions, catastrophe and, oddly, too, a kind of misplaced, off-the-beam courage and super-tendency.

Though she was, indeed but briefly on the American social scene during which time she was courted, scorned, publicized and laughed at, she had the unquenchable bravery to go after what she wanted for herself and never to flinch from the consequences.

Two girls were born in Brooklyn just before the turn of the century, Madeleine and Katherine Force. Their father, William Force, had a forwarding business in Manhattan which sounds like a nice way of saying—Expressman.

Their mother had social ambitions, her grandfather having been Thomas G. Talmage, Mayor of old Brooklyn, who in his heyday had entertained the Astors and the Vanderbilts at tea.

In 1900, the Forces moved from Brooklyn to the more fashionable neighborhood of Murray Hill in New York, a kind of gateway to society. And Mrs. Force knew she possessed two highly effective keys for the unlocking of those gates—a pair of extraordinarily pretty daughters.

MADELINE, slender, blond, dimpled and graceful, was the star. When she grew up, everything had been done by education, grooming and maternal propaganda to prepare her for a royal marriage. With her own cognizance, she was to be a millionaire's wife.

At the age of 17, a superb specimen of that species fell into it—no less than a reigning Astor, and pretty little Madeleine Force was compelled to make that old story-book choice between love and social position.

For love had already appeared in the guise of young William K. Dick, in his early 20s,

heir to a sugar fortune. The Dick family had also migrated from Brooklyn to the loftier atmosphere of the Hill. Bill Dick and Madeleine Force went about together, were strongly attracted, and a marriage between the two seemed a foregone conclusion.

That is, until in the year 1911, something really big blundered into the lives of Mama and daughter Force, namely "Little Jack" or "Colonel" John Jacob Astor, incumbent of the monetary and social throne of the fabulous House of Astor.

On a slumming trip into the Murray Hill sector, the king met the pretty commoner at one of those parties sometimes attended by the real indigo bloods in search of "interesting" people.

There were several catches. His Majesty was 46, no spring chicken, and divorced. By his former wife, Ava Willing, he had a son, Vincent, at Harvard and a grown daughter Muriel at school. He was an odd, morose, moody, introspective type of man, an unsuccessful inventor, author of a "Buck Rogers" type of novel, builder of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel which as the "Crossroads of America" gave him a slight claim to fame.

Nevertheless he was authentic. Mama and daughter immediately raised their sights and moved to Bar Harbor for the summer, where Colonel Astor courted the little beauty and proposed. On the one hand was wealth and youth and love in the person of Bill Dick. On the other was the picture the girl could not erase from her mind—Queen of New York Society: Mrs. Astor. She shut her heart and listened to her head.

NEVER was punishment for the denial of natural instincts visited so swiftly. When proud Mama Force announced the engagement of her daughter to Col. John Jacob Astor, "World's Luckiest Girl" headlined some newspapers. "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," lampooned others. A minister in his pulpit said: "No decent minister would marry a child of 18 to a divorced man of 46."

However, they eventually were married, and the child became Mrs. Astor. At once the Society over which she had hoped to reign froze her out. She was dropped from the Social Register.

Overnight, triumph and victory turned to ashes as Newport, Bar Harbor and New York snubbed her. The unhappy Colonel took her to Egypt to get away from it all.

When they sailed for home from Southampton in April, 1912, Madeleine was an expectant mother. Surely she would be accepted when she provided an Astor heir. She and her husband were the richest of the billion dollar first class passenger list of the new \$10,000,000 super-liner making her maiden voyage to New York.

The name of that liner was the Titanic!

What horrors that name evokes! A giant liner racing for a speed record through icebergs. A grinding crash in the chilly night—"CQD, CQD" flashing from the wireless; panic in the staterage; the cry "Women and children first! There are not enough lifeboats." The unsinkable ship was sinking.

Like so many gallant gentlemen and heroes, Colonel Astor saw his wife to a lifeboat, wrapped a blanket about her, kissed her and said—"I'll see you in New York." Instead, he joined the roll of the more than 1,500 dead who went down with the ship. His body, picked up at sea, was brought home and buried in Trinity Churchyard. Four months later, Madeleine gave birth to a son who was christened John Jacob Astor.

Madeleine Force Astor had been given a generous \$3,000,000 in cash at the time of her marriage, but like so many of the women who married into America's great dynastic families, she had not been permitted near the bulk of the fortune.

Interest in another \$5,000,000 trust fund and residence in the Astor Fifth Avenue mansion



were to be forfeited if she married again—the old clammy-hand-from-the-grave technique. The young widow eluded it. Determined to salvage her life, she let the cash and the mansion go, and three years later became the wife of her child hood sweetheart, William K. Dick, who had remained faithful to his first love.

Society said, "Why didn't she do it in the first place?" and forgave her. She was reinstated in the Social Register and welcomed by hostesses who previously had snubbed her. As Madeleine Force Astor Dick, life showered its munificences upon her.

She was mother to an Astor, wife to a film and loving man to whom she bore two splendid boys; she had an assured position in society and all the trappings and appurtenances of jewels, opera boxes, motor cars, yachts, town and country houses and other paraphernalia needed by the wealthy as reminders of their wealth.

For the next 15 years, Madeleine Force Astor Dick vanished from the American scene in so far as the headlines and the front pages of the news papers were concerned.

Now observe the relentless, unforgiving hand of Fate.

In the year 1934, the boxing solaces at Madison Square Garden were enlivened by the appearance of a light heavyweight from Italy, named Enzo Fiermonte, with curly blue-black hair, snapping

Illustrated by GEOFFREY BIGGS



Colonel Astor Saw His Young Wife to a Lifeboat and Said He'd See Her in New York. A Little Later the Titanic Went Down.

dark eyes, olive skin and the proportions of an Adonis. Sports writers and patrons of the 8th Ave. Palace of Punch soon became aware that Enzo was a great front runner, a curly wolf and a tearing tiger in the presence of an opponent who was peaceably inclined and just the opposite in the face of an enemy who was irritable. Enzo did not like having rough and vulgar pugilists tampering with his physiognomy.

FOR he had long been aware, way back in Italy that that face could be his fortune. With it—and his muscles—he hoped to snare a rich American girl, the kind he had watched as a toy in Rome during the season, throwing those tucks about. Boxing and a wife in Rome were merely a stopgap toward his expressed ambition. Just as in her early girlhood, pretty Madeleine Force was raised to be a man-trap, pretty Enzo Fiorimonte was intended to be a woman-snare. His attempts to interest the younger set in Florida failed. At home the rich American girls just laughed at him and his Walvo accent. Then the Dick boys met him and engaged him to teach

them boxing. The 40-year-old mother, who was growing restless under her role of matron, encountered the handsome 26-year-old prizefighter in her home, and the trap was sprung.

In human terms, Madeleine Force Astor emerges as a pitiful and foolish woman pursuing romance in the form of a prizefighter. But the will, tenacity and astonishing courage she showed in her headlong plunge from security, dignity and respect to ridicule and marital misery, comes through. Few women were ever so bent upon destroying themselves, or succeeded so completely.

Recklessly in love, she hurled herself from the pinnacle of respectability into the newspaper limelight, scandal, Reno, divorce, association with and finally marriage to the young prizefighter.

Again, punishment followed swiftly. She was spared none of the trials or indignities of an aging woman married to a young man. According to her charges, Enzo took her money, beat her, made her and himself a laughingstock and deserted her. She who had aspired to the highest in American Society now consorted with the riff-raff of the ring.

When Enzo fled from her to Europe, she followed him onto the boat, emerged at sea. There was a reconciliation of sorts, followed by more beatings, humiliations and cruelties.

In 1939, she could take no more. She divorced Fiorimonte in Florida with a settlement of \$17,000 which was peanuts to the \$150,000 demanded by Enzo. Her original fortune of \$5,000,000 had shrunk to less than a million. And the wreck of her life was complete.

The Social Register once more expunged those lines of type containing her name which had meant so much to her. Palm Beach ignored her; Newport snubbed her. Even her son, John Jacob Astor, remained aloof. Only her two sons by William Dick were loyal and loving to her. That was all that was spared to her.

OSTRACIZED, she lived one more year and then died in Palm Beach on March 27, 1940, of loneliness and memories. The paradox came about full swing again. She was laid to rest in Trinity Churchyard, next to her first husband, Colonel Astor, dead 28 years and waiting for her.

That is the strange and somehow dreadful and pitiful story of a human being, the beautiful, blond and dumpy child from Brooklyn, raised as her loving mama to win a fine rich husband and take her rightful place in something important called "Society."

WHEN James F. Williams returned to his home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, recently, with Mrs. Williams XVI, the neighbors stopped wondering about nuclear fusion to speculate as to how long his latest marriage would last.

This speculation was not unreasonable, in view of the past, and it seemed even more justifiable when Williams reported Wife No. 16 missing, not long ago.

True, he reported her return a day or so later, and Mrs. Williams said she had just been "visiting," but the incident, to the neighbors, seemed to fit a familiar pattern. Since the "Marryingest Man" has set a record for uncertain navigation on the turbulent seas of matrimony, as well as one for the number of voyages, anything might happen.

Williams is 65, but youthful for his age. He has worked for a concrete materials firm for many years. Twelve of Williams' marriages fell within a period of 15 years. Four were to the same woman.

'HE'S Dreadfully MARRIED'...



One of Williams' helpmeets left his bed and board 28 times in 22 months. She returned 27 times.

The latest bride is the former Mrs. Louise Parker, of Cleveland, Ohio. The marriage climaxed a romance that was born and nursed along through a correspondence exchange in Kansas City. Mrs. Williams XVI says: "His letters were real nice." In those "real nice" letters, however, the wooing Williams had neglected to mention anything about his phenomenal marital record.

The lady who was to be No. 16 began to learn something about her mail order Romeo when he went to Cleveland to get her.

On the way from Cleveland to Kansas City, where they were to be wed, their bus stopped at eating places along the way. Other passengers rushed off for refreshments. But Mr. Williams ignored these stops.

The bride-elect was hungry—so hungry that the yearning for a husband and a home in Cedar Rapids was rapidly being replaced by a home-sickness for the three sons and a home she had left back in Cleveland. She had just about decided to head back to beautiful Ohio when Mr. Williams recognized the imminence of revolt and gave her some money.

"So I went and had something to eat," Mrs. Williams related later. "And I bought a bottle of pop and two sandwiches for him."

This little act of thoughtfulness, however, merely resulted in further proof that the groom-elect was not as other men. He became petulant, wouldn't touch the sandwiches and kicked over the bottle of pop.

The exhibition of temperament upset the bride-elect.

Mr. Williams displayed un-Romeo-like realism. "If you're sick," he said, "I'll put you on an ambulance and take you to a hospital." This course didn't become necessary, how-

Walking to the Altar With James F. Williams, His 16th Bride Was More Than Aware of Those Other Wives Whom She Warned: "If He Starts Rejoicing With Me, I'll Just Leave..."

ever, and they finally reached Kansas City, where the lady duly became Mrs. James F. Williams the Sixteenth.

After the wedding there was no honeymoon, unless the bus ride to Cedar Rapids could be so termed. The new bride was installed in the three rooms that comprise the Williams home, and began a life of toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing and wondering about her 15 predecessors.

She now knows all about that imposing parade of better halves that marched across the pages of Mr. Williams' personal history. She realizes, too, that her husband's lack of enthusiasm for parting with currency may stem from his sad experience with No. 15.

Mrs. Williams XV was the former Augusta Marie Megary. She wearied of being Mrs. Williams XV in September, 1943. So she quietly stole away one day. Her desertion seems to have been the only one that caused Mr. Williams any heartache. Coincidentally with her disappearance, Mr. Williams claimed that \$910 had gone missing. Williams swallowed his chagrin and set out to get another wife.

"The Marryin'est Man in the Corn Belt," as the judges and lawyers of Iowa call Williams, began his marrying career on September 6, 1904, when Suzie Jones, of near-by Mt. Vernon, became his bride. No one seems to know what happened to Suzie. It is reasonable to suppose that Williams does, but he won't discuss it.

Two years to the day after he launched his marital baroque with Suzie, Williams married Katie Kohl. This one seemed to "take." It lasted for 24 years. But in May, 1930, Katie left him. She died a few years later.

Williams lived alone until October, 1931, when he married Mary Louise Clow Morris. That was also her third marriage.

It lasted six months. In another half-year, October, 1932, Lillian Bowman Filling became the fourth Mrs. James F. Williams. Lillian was the wife that staged 28 departures and 27 returns. Williams charged that she once threatened his life and they were divorced in May, 1935.

Williams' fifth bride was Maude L. Whiting. They were married in July, 1935, divorced in August, 1935.

Less than a month after Maude became an "ex," Sarah Ellen Wyatt became Mrs. Williams the Sixth. September 14, 1935. On June 3, 1936, she entered the limbo of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. But she made a comeback as No. 7, on April 14, 1937. The second term lasted for a year, and Sarah and James F. parted for good in April, 1938.

Mrs. Williams VIII was Ida Lower. She married Williams on December 27, 1938, and was divorced in May, 1939.

Then came a dizzying episode.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

Williams married Mildred Louise Sexton on October 23, 1939. They broke up, housekeeping on the following November 13, were remarried 11 days later, divorced again on January 16, 1940, rewed on the following January 23, divorced on December 4, married again on February 26, 1941, and divorced for good on January 4, 1942.

That episode made Mildred Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Anna K. Harshbarger, the unlucky No. 13, married Williams on June 19, 1942. That marriage lasted until January 6, 1943.

Williams added No. 14 to the list by marrying Myrtle Elva Lecky Durbin on January 3. They were divorced the following June.

Three months later, Williams married Augusta Megary, whom he had met in the Union Station, Kansas City, after a correspondence courtship. A month later, they, too, were divorced.

Williams' marital saga received considerable publicity on his latest venture and Mrs. Williams XVI now knows the whole romantic story.

She is an understanding, patient body. But there was a determined set to her jaw when she said: "If he starts raising old Cain with me, I'll just leave. And then he can have his own way all he wants."

Williams may have started "raising old Cain" and she may have made good her threat—as a warning. Whether her return was temporary or permanent, the words of A. J. Ward seem to apply to Williams. "He's dreadfully married." It's the most married man I ever saw in my life."

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New York's Youth Counsel Bureau, Which Handles Cases Daily, Reports Only Five Per Cent of Young Lawbreakers Treated by It Become Second Offenders—as Against a Normal Average of 60.

By Charles Goddard

"IF SOMEONE had taken an interest in me the first time I was arrested, I might not be here."

This remark, made in Sing Sing Prison, in 1935, resulted six years later in the creation of New York's Youth Counsel Bureau which is dedicated to preventing young first offenders from becoming hardened criminals.

There were plenty of organizations and individuals striving to accomplish much the same object, but this one worked.

Normally 60 per cent of first offenders, between the ages of 16 and 21, are caught breaking the law again; but among those treated by the Counsel, the repeaters are reduced to five per cent.

If crime is considered as a disease, a treatment producing 12 times as many cures would rate almost on a par with the "miracle drugs."

But the bureau does not regard crime as a disease and the treatment is neither preaching, appeal to the offenders' "better self" nor proving that crime does not pay—he or she knows all that.

The method is to discover why the boy or girl decided to make a living the hard way and then to show him an easier, lawful way. It is an appeal, not to the emotions, but to common horse sense.

The man who made the statement was an old, hardened criminal, beyond redemption, as he well knew.

The convict had begun early, received plenty of chances to reform, but always bided his time to do it again because crime was the only vocation at which he was skilled.

He said it to Philip Heimlich, a social worker, devoted to rehabilitating criminals and who believed that crime was a practical cause, as definite as Prohibition causing bootleggers or controlled prices causing black markets.

Questioning of other hard-boiled convicts convinced Heimlich that intervention of just the right sort, at the time of the first arrest, would be the answer to crime, but it took six years to get the approval of the authorities and various welfare societies and to induce wealthy men to contribute.

In 1941 the bureau was finally established, with a 15-man board of governors, including Heimlich, who is also a director. On the board are heads of Catholic and Jewish organizations, the Welfare Council, lawyers, an editor and a president of a copper corporation, all experienced in social work.

The district attorneys of New York's five boroughs are ex-officio members. The bureau does not contact offenders under 16, who are handled by the children's courts. It treats only those 16 to 21.

When a first offender in this age group is arrested, Heimlich or one of his assistants, questions the prisoner and digs into his background, sometimes with startling results.

One of the most illuminating is the case of Frank, caught on a fire-escape, about to enter an apartment, obviously to commit a crime.

As is so often the situation, his family background was bad. Problem parents raise problem children who tend to become police problems. Though dull and sullen, the youth was not vicious and seemed never to have attempted a previous crime.

The first question was why he did not go to work. His story was that he tried several jobs but lost them and became discouraged. Then came the almost incredible discovery that though Frank had gone to school, nobody had discovered that he could neither read nor write.



some, he was not tried but allowed to continue in his work. Later he joined the Merchant Marine, where he still is, with an unblemished record.

Technically Martin is on probation as a juvenile offender but with no legal conviction against him. Had he been sent to prison, the chances are that he would have been a repeater. The bureau members, however, are no "bleeding hearts."

When they find a youth to be a repeater or that he is vicious, with a record of having gotten away with previous offenses, they recommend punishment and tell the young prisoner why.

If parents refuse to cooperate in correcting a bad home situation, the bureau's work is of no avail, unless it can transfer the youth into the home of relatives where living condi-

Florence Was Arrested as a Wayward Girl, but Not Sent to Prison. She Was Persuaded to Go Back Home Instead, and Now She's Married and Completely Rehabilitated.

tions are more nearly normal.

Only five per cent are female first offenders, usually guilty of shoplifting or waywardness. Many of the shoplifting cases are "temptation slips," like that of Martin, and respond to similar treatment.

Florence, 18, ran away from home in the Middle West to New York to enjoy this new freedom she had heard about, but things did not work out as expected financially.

When she was broke a man took advantage of her and later forced her to support him with her illegal earnings. This waywardness led to her arrest.

There was little to be gained by telling the girl that she had done wrong—she knew that—nor from exhorting her to live a better life. That was her problem. How could she do it? Her parents would never let a "fallen woman" darken their doors.

The bureau persuaded Florence to go home, promising not to tell her parents what had happened. They accepted their daughter in good faith and, with her nest erased, she married, has a baby and is completely rehabilitated.

Had the law taken its course, this girl, with a prison record against her, would have abandoned any hope of earning an honest living and kept repeating her first offense, unless, while serving time, some fellow convict taught her to play for bigger and more dangerous stakes.

There are female incorrigibles as well as male, and with these the counsel bureau has to be tough, recommending the only thing they understand—punishment.

There would be even less than five per cent failures if the bureau did not take a long chance once in a while on some promising second offender.

Three out of five fall them, which mars their statistics a little, but the other two warm their hearts a lot.

Small wonder that he could not hold a job. Here were not only problem parents but a problem school teacher. Tested by a psychiatrist, Frank was found to be below average in mentality in certain lines but above average in arithmetic.

Work was found for him in a factory, counting beads. Doing well in this fired his ambition to find a better-paying job, suited to his only talent, in the same factory, and he made good on that, too. You can't sell Frank crime gold bricks now.

The case of Martin is a "tempta-

tion slip." When his father died, Martin had to support his mother and worked as an errand boy.

One day he passed an apartment with open door revealing a woman's purse lying on a table and showing a roll of bills.

It looked like the opportunity for a perfect crime and he seized it, but the doorman had seen him enter the building and though there was no direct evidence, the youth promptly confessed.

With a good background and no sign that he had ever been trouble-



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Recipes on the Household
Almanac Page Help You Be a
Perfect Hostess

Peace-Loving Pup

By TRAVIS HOKE

THEY don't often need a
bouncer at the Wanaque
Valley Inn, in the Ramapo
Mountains of New Jersey.
When they do, Pal is it.
Pal is a Great Dane, a
little more than a year old.
The inn, with a trout
stream and riding stables,
is the old-fashioned kind
that somehow doesn't at-
tract roisterers. Most of the
patrons are neighboring
gentry and passing motor
tourists, quiet folk as a rule.
It could be, however, that
sometimes even the best of

Nobody knows where Pal
came from originally. Seven-
year-old Teddy Lorah, of
Saddle River Township,
found him wandering
around one Sunday after-
noon some months ago.

Local and state police
failed to locate the owner.
The Lorahs couldn't keep
a dog who gulps two pounds
of horse meat quicker than
you could nibble a lamb
chop. They wanted Pal to
have the best home possible,
and so, out of many appli-
cants, they selected Mrs.
Boylan as his new owner.



The Canine Bouncer Needs No Signal From the Bartender
When He Spots a Troublesome and Unwelcome Visitor.

friends do not see eye to
eye about a horse's points.
It could be, too, that some-
thing about the Inn's tap-
room provokes an occasional
outburst of song.

When something like that
happens, Pal goes into
action.

Bouncers in metropolitan
night clubs do not make a
move, even of the most def-
erential kind, without a
signal from the host. Pal
needs no signal from Host
William J. Boylan or Man-
ager Bill Nelson.

LET a couple become a bit
heated in discussion. Be-
fore anyone else might no-
tice it, Pal gets up ponder-
ously from the corner where
he has been lying. He
stalks over, deliberate as a
policeman at a fire, and
thrusts his massive head be-
tween the arguers.

If the fight gets louder,
or if some one of the bar-
room soloist type sets up
the howling that passes
with him for song, Pal rears
up and leans his forepaws
on the offender's shoulders.
It is for all the world like
a friend—a heavy one—
advising the noise-maker
that he's had enough and
ought to go home.

Always he does. Always
Pal accompanies him,
friendly like, to the door.
Pal hasn't had to bite any-
one yet.

Once or twice, rearing up
on a man's shoulders, he's
had his jaws open—and a
fearsome sight that is. A
word from Boylan or Nel-
son, however, and Pal lets
well enough alone.

All this looks like fine
training, of course. On the
word of his owner, Mrs.
Boylan, Pal has had none
at all. She hasn't trained
him, she says, and he was
too young when she got
him to have been trained
before he arrived.

Nobody around the Inn
can say positively why Pal
took it on himself to act
as bouncer. Most of the
time, when he's not romp-
ing with Mrs. Boylan's toy
Doberman, he's asleep. For
that reason, there was a
short-lived theory that Pal
resented disturbances to his
slumber.

That doesn't seem to be it,
however. He dislikes bar-
room howlers, as has been
said, but he doesn't mind
a pickup quartette render-
ing a tender barber shop
chorus.

Mrs. Boylan thinks that
Pal assumed his bouncer
role just after his accident.
Nobody knows just how it
happened, but Pal sustained
cuts around his chest and
shoulders that required 14
stitches to close. It was a
Christmas Eve, a lot of cars
were backing and filling
around the Inn—some of
the drivers, perhaps, with a
spot too much celebration
behind them.

Mrs. Boylan thinks that
Pal first learned, from that,
to dislike drunks.

SUPERINTELLIGENT
dogs are often referred to
as "talking dogs"—like
"talking horses." No dog
has been ever known to use
indisputably human speech,
however, and no one has
ever claimed that a horse
did.

Recently it was reported
from Yorkshire, England,
that a dog named Punch
would reply, in a falsetto
voice, "I am," when asked
if he was hungry. The
American Weekly secured a
recording of Punch's voca-
lizing. It would take a lot
of imagination to identify
the sounds as "I am."

As for Pal, the peace-lov-
ing pup, he rarely so much
as growls, and he never
says "Scram." He gets the
idea over, just the same.



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By Peter Levins

THE Case of the So, So Meticulous Murderer, as it could readily be called, opened with a series of grisly discoveries near Moffat, Scotland, on the morning of Sept. 30, 1935. These discoveries quickly established one fact if nothing else: Here waiting to be solved was the most scientifically careful piece of criminal business in British history.

That September morning, a Mrs. Johnstone and her daughter, Susan, had been strolling in the vicinity of Moffat along the main highway which joins Edinburgh and Carlisle. They had walked about two miles, and had reached a bridge over a deep ravine, when Susan suddenly pointed downward and cried:

"Mother, look! Down there in the ravine!"

"What is it?" The mother leaned over the stone parapet. "What do you see?"

"That parcel down there! There's something sticking out of it. Doesn't it look like a—hand?"

Mrs. Johnstone gasped that it was a hand.

"And there's another bundle!" the girl exclaimed, again pointing. "See? That round one!"

Soon police officers were swarming over the spot. That same day they gathered 30 similar parcels scattered about the ravine. In time, the number recovered totaled 200.

BUT even then, only two things could for the moment be stated as certain: There had been two bodies, and they had been dismembered skillfully by one who had taken the most painstaking and intelligent—efforts to obliterate their identities.

For example, it was impossible to take fingerprints from the hand which the Johnstones saw.

Most of the fragments had been wrapped in sheets of Sunday newspapers dated Sept. 8 and 15. Others were found swathed in a pillow slip, still others in a cotton sheet. One had been wrapped in a small garment which turned out to be a child's rompers.

Physicians at first thought one victim had been a man, and the other a woman, but this turned out to be only 50 per cent correct.

If the killer had been as thorough as the discoveries indicated, then a perfect crime had been accomplished. There would be no identifications, and the murderer would never become known, much less punished.

It was a challenge to the forces of law and order that called for the same care, thoroughness and scientific knowledge displayed by the killer.

It was a problem that demanded the best efforts not only of the regular detective organizations of the community, but most of all, right now—it needed the attention of an outstanding anatomical expert. Fortunately, such a man was close at hand: Dr. John Glaister, professor of forensic medicine at Glasgow University, one of the really great medical detectives of his time.

WITHIN a day or so, Dr. Glaister, who had been assisted by Dr. John Miller of Edinburgh University, reported that the bodies were of two women, one aged between 35 and 40, about 5 feet 5 or 6, good physical condition, fair hair; the other aged 20 to 25, about 5 feet 2, medium build, light brown hair.

"The murderer devoted much more time and care in his efforts to destroy the identifying features of the older woman than he did in the case of the younger," Dr. Glaister said. "This may

Soon Police Officers Were Swarming Over the Spot Where the Gruesome Packages Were Seen. That Same Day They Gathered 30 Similar Parcels Scattered About the Ravine. In Time, the Number Recovered Totaled 200.

be an indication of haste: It suggests to us that he killed the older woman first, and that the second crime may have been incidental. He did not bother to deface the younger woman's fingers."

He said that he and Dr. Miller had found that the older woman had two wisdom teeth which had never come through the gums. Examination of these teeth had revealed a development indicating a person at least 35 years old.

THEY had also found, on the head of the younger victim, two or three strands of blond hair near the temple.

The professor added that they had also found on the left arm of the younger victim faintly discernible vaccination scars which the killer evidently overlooked.

This led them to believe that the murderer was not well acquainted with the younger victim and had not included her in his original plan. Dr. Glaister suggested that the older woman had been killed for a motive well enough established to cause the slayer to go through with it according to a carefully worked-out design, and that the other crime had been committed for self-protection and as an afterthought.

Dr. Glaister said the older woman had been strangled. Moreover, he said that she had spent

burgh with a subsequent visit to London.

Mrs. Jessie Rogerson, stepmother of the missing nursemaid and Chief Constable Henry J. Vann of Lancaster, said she had last seen Mary on Thursday, Sept. 12, when she came for tea and left at 6 p.m.

She said that Dr. Ruxton called on her about 10 days later, and had a talk with her in the kitchen, where she was busy baking.

"I have come to see you about Mary," he said. "Do you know where she is?"

"No," he replied. "That is what I am trying to find out. Mary has been quite different lately. I think she has started going with boys. She seemed rather taken with a laundry boy. Did you know that she is going to become a mother?"

"No!"

"Well, she is. Mrs. Ruxton has taken her away somewhere."

Several days later, Mrs. Rogerson continued, she and her husband called at the Ruxton home to see if the doctor might have any fresh information about the young woman. He told them that Mary might have gone to the home of Mrs. Ruxton's sister in Edinburgh. However, he added, he had written a letter to his wife at that address and it had come back unopened. He believed, he told them, that Mrs. Ruxton and the girl had gone on to London.

were of any use to her. He could have them, also, a blouse with a collar, but he said he had no more of that sort of thing. He said he had no more of that sort of thing. He said he had no more of that sort of thing. He said he had no more of that sort of thing.

THE next morning, she continued, Dr. Ruxton walked into her house without knocking. "Good heavens, doctor, how ill you look!" she had exclaimed.

"Yes, I am ill," he had replied. "I have been awake all night with my hand paining me."

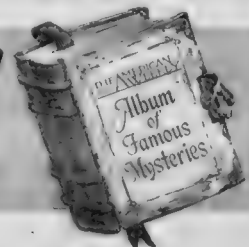
He picked up the soiled blue suit, she related, and said that he would have it cleaned. She tested that he had been so generous in giving it to them there was no reason why he should pay for the cleaning. Then he pointed out a tab, which bore his name in ink, on the lining of the inside breast pocket. "Let me have a pair of scissors," he said. "I want to cut this out."

"It is very undignified for a man to be wearing another man's clothes and other people to know it," he told her.

With that he had cut out the tab.

By this time, Chief Constable Vann knew many details of Dr. Buck Ruxton's background. Son of a well-to-do Mohanmedan Bengalese father and a French mother, he had been born 36 years

So Meticulous!



her life in one of the larger cities; this he deducted from the amount of soot which was easily traceable in her lungs.

"We determined that the younger victim was a woman from her feet," he went on. "These were so perfectly normal in shape as to be, for that very reason, almost abnormal in these days. Nevertheless, under a magnifying glass we found faint calluses which were undoubtedly caused by feminine slippers."

ARMED with the knowledge provided by the medical men, police forces throughout Scotland and England took to the trail. Soon they were concentrating upon the disappearance of Mrs. Isobel Kerr Ruxton, 35-year-old wife of a well-known physician of Lancaster, in northwest England, and Miss Mary Jane Rogerson, 20-year-old nursemaid to the Ruxtons' three infant children. Neither had been seen since about Sept. 15.

Dr. Ruxton had reported his wife missing to the Lancaster authorities, and Miss Rogerson's family had also made a report.

Mrs. Ruxton had left her home on Dalton Square, Lancaster, on the morning of the 15th, according to her husband. She had said she and Mary intended going to the home of her (Mrs. Ruxton's) sister in Edinburgh.

Ruxton had not been alarmed at first, he insisted to the police, because his wife had often spoken to him about combining a trip to Edin-

Mrs. Rogerson identified a piece of artificial silk found in the ravine as part of a blouse she had bought for Mary at a sale.

She said Mary had a birthmark on her right arm. (Where skin had been defaced.)

She said Mary had quite a noticeable scar on her right thumb. (Which had been disposed of.)

Most conclusive of all—impressions taken from the fingers of the younger victim matched prints found both in the Rogerson home and in the Ruxton home.

As for the older victim, no finger impressions were possible there, but the Moffat police had made a cast of the feet, and they exactly fitted Isobel Ruxton's shoes. Moreover, the cast of one foot indicated a bunion, which the slayer had destroyed, but the bone showed evidence of it, and it was also found to be faithfully outlined in a well-worn pair of her shoes.

Chief Constable Vann and his associates began to build up their case on the assumption that the two victims could have been no others than Mrs. Ruxton and the nursemaid.

The officers learned from Mrs. Agnes Oxley, who had been employed as a charwoman in the Ruxton home, working daily from 7 a.m. until noon, that Dr. Ruxton had called at her home at 6:30 a.m., Sept. 15, and told her she need not come that day.

He explained that Mrs. Ruxton and Mary were going away on a holiday, and that he was taking the children to the Rogerson home.

Mrs. Marie Hampshire, who had been a patient of the doctor but had never done any work for him, reported that he asked her on Sept. 15 if she would come to his house and help tidy the place up. He said he had pulled up the carpets to get ready for the decorators, due the next day. Officer Vann asked her how the house had looked when she arrived.

"I noticed that in the hall, the waiting room, all up the stairs to the landing on the third floor, straw was littered from one end to the other, the carpets were all pulled up from the stairs, and there were no carpets on the landing. I noticed that the bathtub was in a very soiled condition—where it should have been white, it was a dirty yellow color."

Mrs. Hampshire said she telephoned her husband, who came to help her with the cleaning. Dr. Ruxton told the husband that if the carpets

before in British India. He had received his medical degree from Bombay University in 1922, distinguished himself in the government-directed Indian medical service, then gone to England to do special hospital work. He had become clinical assistant in the eye department of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh in 1928, and it was during this period that he had anglicized his Indian name, Hakim Bakhtyar Rustomji Hananji, to the more pronounceable Buck Ruxton.

Married in the spring of 1929, he and his bride had moved to Lancaster, where he quickly built up an extensive practice.

Officer Vann had learned that Dr. Ruxton, within recent weeks and months, had grown jealous of his wife's friendship for a young law student named Robert Edmondson. Time and again, persons had heard him all but scream:

"That Bobby Edmondson is ruining my home!"

AT HEADQUARTERS in Lancaster, Vann asked the doctor if he knew anything about bits of straw on the stairs.

"Yes," Ruxton replied. "Our two-year-old son, Billy, goes to the cellar and gets handfuls of straw and gets bottles and other things."

The officer showed him a piece of stair carpet. "Was this your stair carpet?"

"This is the stair carpet at the top floor of the landing."

"I want to call your attention to these stains, which resemble blood in large splotches."

"It is possible that some of the bloodstains may be from my own hand."

Vann then showed him a stained jacket and a pair of stained trousers.

"I have worn those garments," the doctor explained, "while performing operations."

The investigation culminated at last in Ruxton's trial, which opened on March 3, 1936. He quickly demonstrated that while he may have been a near-perfect murderer, he was by no means a near-perfect defendant. He seemed to have no control whatever over his temper.

Time and again during the trial he betrayed what appeared to be a homicidal hatred for the young law student with whom his wife had been friendly and of whom he had complained.

Prosecutor J. C. Jackson held that both deaths took place on the landing at the top of the staircase. He asserted that Mrs. Ruxton had been beaten about the head, then strangled, and that Miss Rogerson had suffered a fractured skull, and then dispatched with a knife.

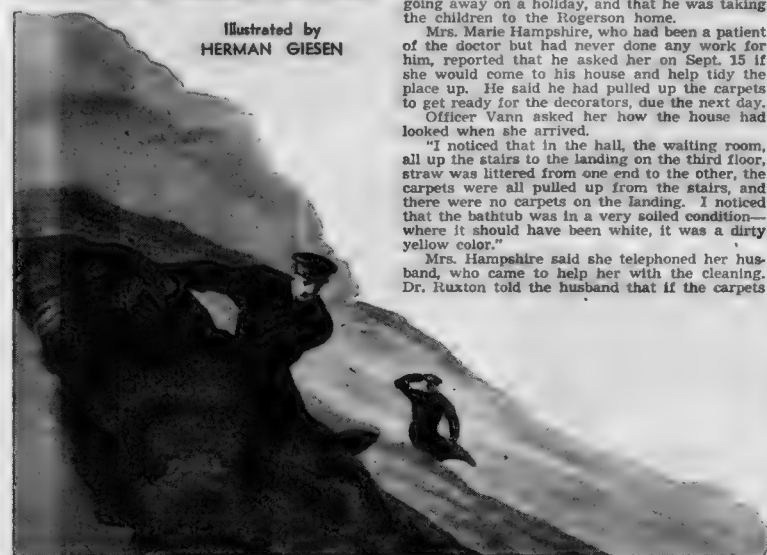
Against the abundance of evidence presented by Jackson, the defense could do very little, and a verdict of guilty was reached after the jury had deliberated but an hour and two minutes. At one point during Ruxton's cross-examination, the judge had intervened to tell him to answer the questions, and he had cried:

"I humbly beg your pardon, but don't you see he is driving me into a corner?"

He reached the last extremity of his corner on May 12, when he was hanged at Strangeways jail in Manchester.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by
HERMAN GIESEN

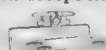
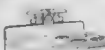


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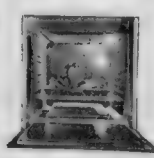
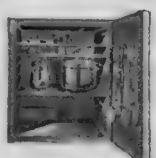
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FEW persons would be likely to hunt up a book 4500 years old if they were looking for sound advice that would be useful today.

Yet the recent simplified translation by Prof. Mucha Nichols of Berkeley, Calif., of the oldest book in the world offers a set of maxims that could fit into anyone's everyday living.

These ancient dos and don'ts were written on a papyrus roll in Egyptian hieratic writing about 2500 B.C. by a wise old man,

whose aim it was to be like you and to rule over your affairs. He was a man, for he is your son and a part of yourself. If he heeds not your rules of good behavior, correct him and chastise him. Keep him away from evil company that he may not become corrupt.

It is wise for you to avoid entanglements with women, for thousands of men have destroyed themselves for the enjoyment of a pleasure which is as fleeting as the wink of an eye.



The Advice That a Wise Egyptian Father Set Down for His Young Son in 2500 B.C. Could Have Been Written Today.

Ptah-Itetep, who wanted to leave some instructions for his son before he died.

Some of Ptah-Itetep's rules of conduct follow: "Do not be puffed up because of the knowledge you have acquired. Converse with the unlettered man as you would with the learned, for no man has attained the limits of knowledge.

"Be not angered if someone's ideas do not agree with yours. Treat him with respect and do not mock him. Do not give way to your feelings.

"He who considers the people to be without rights becomes unjust. Truth and justice can never change.

"If you are a farmer, harvest the crops of your field and the gods will bless it for you. Covet not what belongs to your neighbor.

"Listen, my son, wealth does not come by itself, it accrues to those who work for it. Labor diligently during your life, and do more than you have been commanded to do. Diligence increases wealth, and without diligence, riches and fortunes disappear.

"If you are a wise man, you should have a son and

"If you would be wise, have a home, take unto yourself a wife and love her always. Feed her and clothe her, and please her all during your lifetime, for she is like an estate which confers great rewards on its owner. Be gentle with her, for she will be more easily moved by persuasion than by force. Take heed to that which she desires. If you quarrel with her, it will mean your ruin.

"Make yourself respected by the businessmen with whom you deal, for if you are met with an adversity your good name will be a big asset to you. It is better than titles and riches, for wealth can disappear and change hands, but a good name remains with you.

"A noble child is a gift from the gods. If you attain my position and do as I have asked you to do, you will be an honorable person. The king will be pleased with you and you will reach the same age as I have, which is 110 years. I have been showered with more honors than my ancestors because I performed what is right and just until my old age."

Believe It or Not

A MILLIONAIRE with a zest for living and a firm belief that "women are wonderful, simply wonderful"—and he's still unmarried! Believe it or not, that's Robert "Believe It or Not" Ripley.

One of America's wealthiest singletons, Ripley isn't especially proud of that distinction. He's very much in favor of marriage. But he hasn't found the one girl yet, despite the generous number of proposals which arrive by daily mail.

An intimate profile of this popular and prosperous "eligible" appears in next week's American Weekly, illustrated by two pages of color photographs.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below.)



Jane Brown, of Chicago, the Toni twin, says, "It's Toni for me from now on." And her twin, Patricia, exclaims, "We'll be Toni regulars, use my next permanent is going to be a Toni, too."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

The proof is in the picture! Yes, this photograph of the Brown twins shows you that a Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty salon permanent. Beautiful waves, deep, soft and natural-looking. The saving comes in giving yourself it—Toni Permanent at home. And now, the new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever. So convenient and comfortable, too.

No waiting for appointments. No sitting under a hot dryer. In just 2 to 3 pleasant hours, Toni gives you a luxurious wave that's guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 permanent—or your money back. So try Toni today. Ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at any leading drug, notions or cosmetic counter. Jane, the twin at the right, has the Toni Home Permanent.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with handy finger curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$200	\$125	\$100

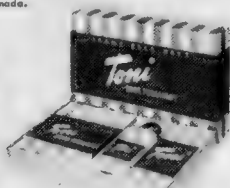
All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers—but the wave stays in for months



HOW TO ENJOY HOME COOKED MEALS

A song, revived by accident, has catapulted an orchestra leader whose star was waning back into the big time—and climbed high into the parade of hit tunes on records and radio.

That's the story of Ted Weems and "Heartaches," the song that was practically thrice-born. Before the war, Weems' orchestra was one of the country's top bands, but military service broke it up. After the war, Weems couldn't get started again, until one night when he got a break that sound more like fiction than truth. Don't miss "Miracle Mystery of Heartaches" in next week's magazine.



"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it. Leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water.
- Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant and lustrous!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!



just
arrived!



**NEW Mennen
Baby Powder
4 ways better!**

1. **Whiter Color!** Won by 3 to 1 among mothers who tested it for whiteness.
2. **Softer Texture!** 3 to 1, mothers said it's softer—extra comfort for baby.
3. **Fresher Scent!** Mothers voted it twice as agreeable... keeps baby fresher.
4. **And it's Borated!** So much smoother, gives baby's tender skin extra protection.

Your favorite store now has the New Mennen Baby Powder... in the same familiar blue and white container. Get it for your baby today!

Mennen Baby Powder

is really **NEW!**

WHITER COLOR!
SOFTER TEXTURE!
FRESHER SCENT!

30 June 15, 1947

MENNEN

makes of fine baby preparations
for over 70 years

Shear Nonsense?

AMERICA wouldn't be America without the thousands of white-coated public servants who keep the nation's males shaved, trimmed—and more or less well informed on a thousand subjects, from yesterday's baseball scores to tomorrow's problem with the atomic bomb.

The barber is more than a man who makes his customers publicly presentable. He's a clearing house for local news, a confident uncommonly well informed about his community and



One Legislator Believes That All Barbers Should Have a College Education.

its citizens—and, in his way, a co-ordinator and creator of public opinion.

It is inevitable that some of the millions of men who periodically avail themselves of the services of the country's tonsors find barber shop talk too loose for their liking. They are inclined to regard even a master barber as something less than a master mind in the fields of science, politics and economics.

Such a man, apparently, is Representative William Niskanen of Oregon. The other day Mr. Niskanen rose up in the State Legislature, convened in solemn session in the state capitol at Salem, and suggested a statute.

Some of his law-making colleagues nodded in approval as he spoke. Others thought his idea was what they called "shear nonsense." The gist of Mr. Niskanen's suggestion was that the State of Oregon might well require barbers, practicing their profession within its boundaries, to be college-bred, "so they'll know what they're talking about."

BARBERS everywhere have managed to work themselves into quite a lather over Niskanen's words.

One Middle Western tonorial artist appeared to speak for all of them recently, when he stated:

"Sure, some barbers may be talkative, now and then. And maybe some of 'em aren't 100 per cent right about everything. But other people, in other professions, are like that, too.

"Mr. Niskanen better be careful. If there was a law making people shut up when they don't know what they're talking about, an awful lot of politicians, some of whom never saw the inside of a college—would be out of jobs."



Are you sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but...

It gives you the exclusive EXTRA protection of HALGENE... the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

One application of Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe—can be used after shaving.

24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream

Stays creamy-smooth to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Great-gloss. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 5¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 50¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



**Keep Your
Beauty**

Beautiful hair—beautiful skin—beautiful figure! Well, keep yourself that way. Reprints of The American Weekly articles which tell you how to help keep your beauty are everywhere. See the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

When baby's crankiness means "Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your little girl is fussy and cross, and that crankiness comes from "Childhood Constipation"... the wise thing to do is this:

Give her Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset her sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is especially

made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without forcing. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drugstore today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.



Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA

The original and genuine

Letters to the Editor

Training Mother?

Cleveland, Ohio

Your recent article, "Training Mother's Helpers," was excellent advice to all mothers. I liked it particularly because my 21 month old daughter likes to climb into a high chair and help me "rinse" the dishes. Lately she tried to dry them and put them away. All this is voluntary on her part.

Friends, who see her do this, hold their breath for fear she'll drop a dish, but in nine months, she has only broken two glasses and a small jar. In the same period, I have broken two cups, two saucers, three glasses, a pint jar, two pyrex dishes, a milk bottle and a large mixing bowl. Sometimes I wonder who is the one that needs training.

Mrs. Harold Corman

Boost for George

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Your story about George, the "Dog With a Job," made a hit here. Everybody read the story and said nice things about the writer and the artist who drew a picture of George—for their accuracy.

Your article is prominently displayed in the Manhattan Beach post office where George "works" and he has picked up a lot of new friends and admirers.

This likable mongrel is really a rare and intelligent animal. No one taught him any of his tricks and he takes his self-appointed job as guardian of the mail sacks as seriously as the postman takes his more important responsibilities.

Glen F. Stillwell

Romantic Realism

Geon

I'm a long ways from Elyria, Ohio, which is my home town, but your recent drawing and article on "The Strange Love Story of Mystery Mansion" are so realistic they remind me strongly of the hundreds of times I've passed the place.

The "Mystery Mansion" has always been a mystery to me, and other friends of mine back home. All we really knew about the place was that "Old Man" Ely and his son lived there, and that they only occupied a few of the rooms.

Just wanted to compliment you on such a romantic story. I hope they don't tear the place down, or let the termites do it for them, until I get home to see the old mansion again.

Norbert Zeigman, Ste

Nurse's Challenge

Yakima, Wash.

In answer to that Navy Pharmacist's Mate, Albert Massoth, who wrote you that his wartime experience makes him better than most graduate nurses, it's too bad he's not allowed to take an examination. He'd find out how little he knows. I studied three years to become a registered nurse. I suppose he thinks R. N. means "frozen nurse" in stead of Registered Nurse!

M. Allison, R. N.

Letters to the Editor may be addressed to The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

June 15, 1947

Oh!
my Aching
hip!

Relief

Help feed
famished muscles
with fresh blood!

It's no fun to have hip muscles tense you with pain after unusual exercise. But you can do something about it! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see, tired muscles are often famished muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating lactic acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

—ah! my
Absorbine Jr.



Your car
is sure to need
New Piston Rings

Be sure they're New

LEAK-PROOF
PISTON RINGS

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

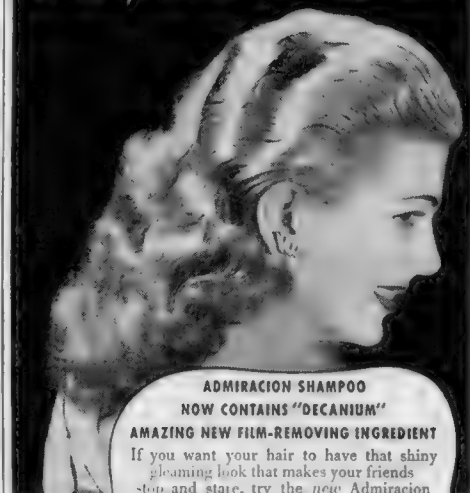
Guaranteed
to do all 4

1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means that when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever shall occur first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

Now your hair will Shine



ADMIRACION SHAMPOO
NOW CONTAINS "DECANUM"

AMAZING NEW FILM-REMOVING INGREDIENT

If you want your hair to have that shiny gleaming look that makes your friends stop and stare, try the new Admiration Shampoo containing film removing "Decanum." Admiration super cleans your hair and makes it gloriously alive with brighter more lasting lustre that adds hair glamour to your personality. Get new Admiration with "Decanum" at your toilet counter or hairdresser today.

ADMIRACION SHAMPOO

with new "Decanum"



TO SOFTEN WIRY OR HEAVY HAIR... USE ADMIRACION OIL SHAMPOO

HERE'S WHY SKIN TROUBLES DON'T HEAL!

PIMPLES, ITCHY TORMENT
SCABIES, RING WORM, ETC.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

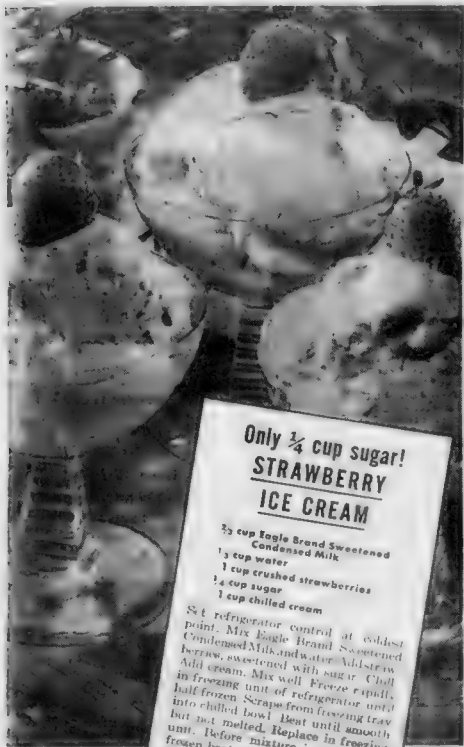
are no often externally caused by germs deeply imbedded in the skin. Athlete's foot, pimple festering, ring worm, etc., can cure everything under the sun that acts on the surface only and still have your skin healthy and free from trouble. RIDO, the flesh-tinted powder that penetrates to kill these germs deep under the skin. Then normal healing can quickly result at last. For instance, ATHLETE'S FOOT relief actually starts in 5 to 20 minutes with RIDO. So if you still have these common externally germ caused skin troubles YOU HAVE TRIED RIDO! RIGHT NOW CLIP THIS AD, TAKE IT TO YOUR DRUGGIST. If he is not stocked with RIDO, he will quickly obtain it for you on request. Otherwise we will supply you direct, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00, providing you include a convenience name and address of your druggist. Full refund by makers on return of bottle if not positively overjoyed at results.

Rido Laboratories, Inc., Box 244, Dept 2
Edmonds, Wash. (Suburban Seattle)

Genuine 2-Ply
NYLON Fishing Line
APPROXIMATELY
1500 Feet \$1.50
Postpaid Anywhere in U.S.A. No C.O.D.'s
WATERPROOF—strong, durable, rubberized. Tested 25 lb. breaking strength. Treated for extra long life. Specially low priced!
Genuine WHITE NYLON CROCHET THREAD 1500 Foot Spool **\$1.50**
Dazzling whorl for crocheting lovely practical things for home or gift. Sample on request, too. C.O.D.'s.
R. ALLENDER & CO.
1944 E. FOREST DETROIT 7, MICH.

BERRY ICE CREAM

that's smoother, smoother, smoother!



Only 1/4 cup sugar! STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

3/4 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened
Condensed Milk
1 cup water
1 cup crushed strawberries
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup chilled cream

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add strawberries, sweetened with sugar. Chill in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit. Before mixture is completely frozen, beat again until smooth. Finish freezing. Serves 5.



Make it with
EAGLE BRAND

It's **EAGLE BRAND**, the original Sweetened Condensed Milk, made to meet Borden's high standards of quality! A creamy-smooth blend of sweet, whole milk and sugar. Best helper a cook ever had.

Keep it on your pantry shelf! Save yourself time. Insure perfect results. Get the Book of Magic Recipes.

FREE! Send penny post card with name and address to The Borden Co., Dept. AW-67, P.O. Box 175, New York 8, N.Y.



You May
Never Be
A Schiaparelli
Or A Lilly Dache—

Even if you may never be a great designer, it's fun to make your own designs from The American Weekly pattern book.

32 June 15, 1947

Teen-Age Tempest

A Cynical Youngster Gets
Some Sharp Advice

CHARLES LAVERS, 17, of West Babylon, Long Island, said in our April 29 "Teen-Age Tempest" page that high school grads weren't getting a break. The veterans had gotten there first—first in college and first in available jobs.

As in most things, however, there's another side to the story, and teen-agers from all over the country wrote in to tell us about it. Said Sandra Aunette, 18, of Fresno, Calif.: "Charles Lavers sure has his nerve speaking of giving the teen-agers a break in the same

Battle of the Bulge, Ardennes or Normandy, or the fight in the Pacific Area? Could we walk out because it wasn't our liking? And if we had quit, just where would you, Charles, and others like you be?"

J. H. Snow, a vet. of Bellflower, Calif., writes: "...Tell Charles not to feel bad. I couldn't take my girl to the movies either. I was in the South Pacific." And a sailor on the U.S.S. Astoria says: "...We feel that the high school grads are not getting a bad break. They are lucky they got to



One Girl, Instead of Complaining About "Bad Breaks,"
Became a Dishwasher to Get a High School Education.

breath with how the G.I.s got there first.

"Sure they got there first and that's as it should be, because we teen-agers haven't done half what the G.I.s have.

"True, jobs are hard to get, but you can usually get a job if you need money bad enough, and are willing to work.

"...I lived in a small town where jobs were scarce and my parents weren't well off, even moderately. I had three smaller sisters and two smaller brothers. So there definitely was no money to send me to high school, but I went.

"I cleaned an optometrist's office for two years of high school and worked my way through the Junior and senior years washing dishes in a local hotel dining room. Summer vacations I packed grapes and everything else I could work at, and I was no social outcast either.

"If you ask me, I'd say Charles Lavers doesn't really want to work."

And from Doug Harless, an ex-G.I. of Hawkins, Wis., comes this letter: "I'm a little disappointed in our younger generation. Because they don't like 'this' or 'that' they put up an awful kick. Did we like the

go as far in school as they did. Some of us didn't have a chance to finish. We had to stop our education to fight a war.

"Charles said if teen-agers couldn't get jobs or go to college they would turn delinquents. Well, think what would happen to the G.I.s who have families to support. They would be a lot worse than any teen-ager hunting spending money to take his girl to the movies..."

S. P. M. of Perry, Ohio, says teen-agers today have it better than ever. "...I was not fortunate enough to come from a family of moderate means. My father was a common laborer.

"I had to quit high school when I was 16 so I could go to work. I could earn one measly dollar a day to help feed Mom and the rest of the kids. Since then I've completed my education the hard way—at work from 7 a.m. till 5 p.m. six days a week and then three hours of night school for three nights a week..."

U. T.

Is it true that our high school boys and girls are getting a bad break? If so, what can we do to improve the situation? Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 61 Vesey St., New York 7, N.Y.

Girl With a Problem

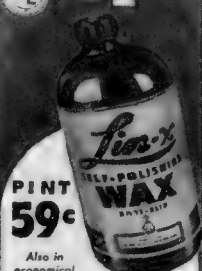
"I AM a girl of 16," writes one of our readers in a Wisconsin small town. "and I have been going with a boy who is 18 and in service. 'My parents have never liked this boy. The most important reason they give me for disliking him is because of his family. His brother got into trouble before entering the service

"Another reason is that my friend likes beer, but he never gets intoxicated.

"I have been going with him for the past three years, and I think the world of him.

"What shall I do in a case like this? Should I continue going with this boy?" What do you teen-agers think?

Don't let
yourself
slip!



PINT
59¢

Also in
economical
quart and
gallon sizes

LIN-X
SELF-POLISHING
WAX
is **ANTI-SLIP!**

Made by the Makers
of *Kentone*
the Miracle Wall Finish

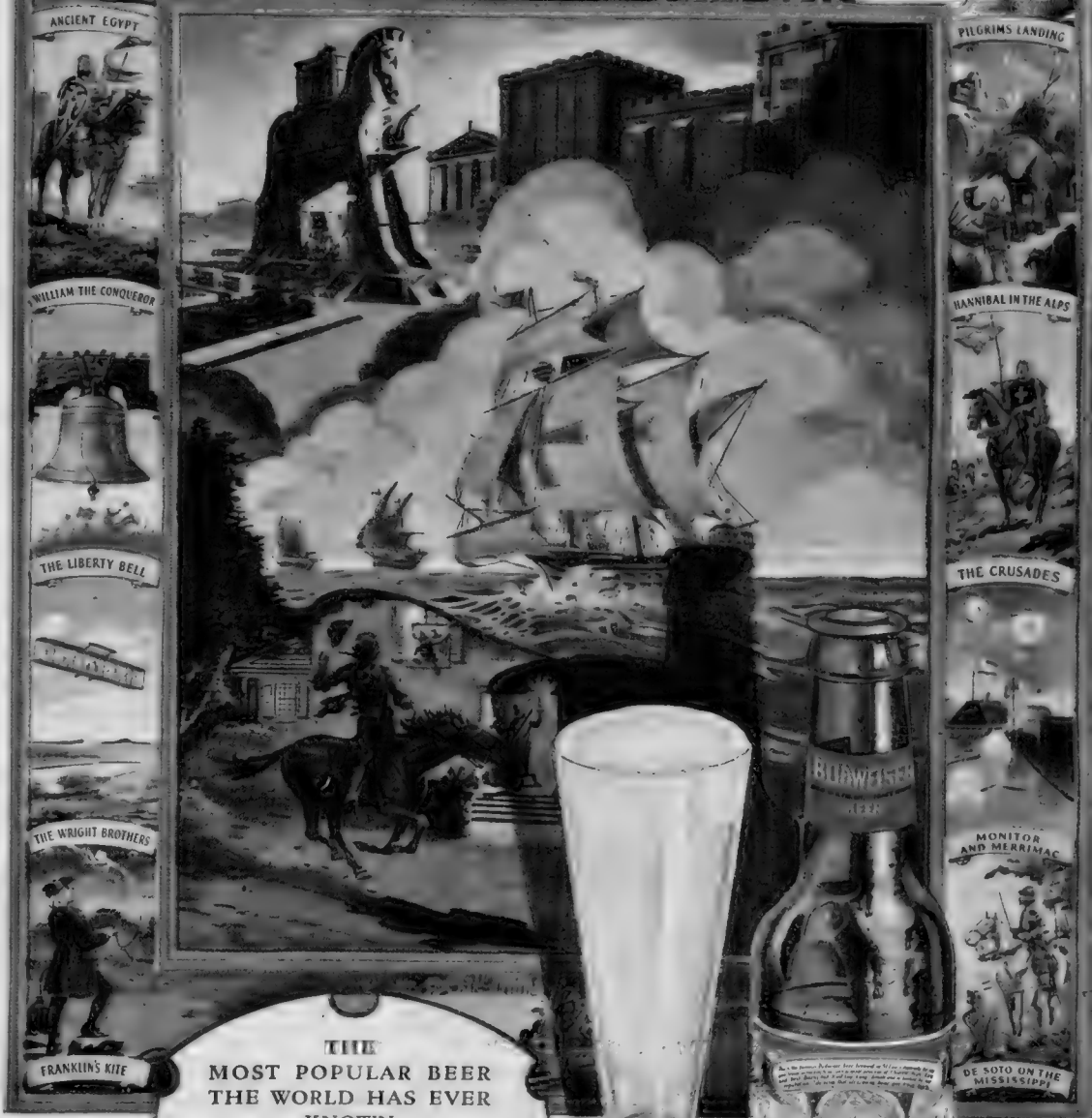
More than half of home accidents are caused by falls. Good reason why you should use LIN-X, the Anti-Slip Wax. It bears the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., as an anti-slip floor treatment. Just wipe it on.

LIN-X is easy to apply quick to dry! It beautifies and protects your linoleum and wood floors—a wonderful wax that's anti-slip!



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

**BEER IS AS
OLD AS HISTORY**

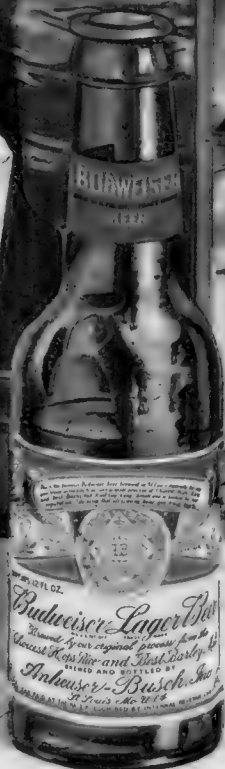


**THE
MOST POPULAR BEER
THE WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN**

Your preference for Budweiser has created a situation unique in all the years since earliest brewing methods were recorded in 6000 B. C. The world's largest brewery, despite repeated expansion of facilities that must be expanded again, is unable to fill the demand for the most popular brew in history. Every sip tells you why.

Budweiser

IT LIVES WITH GOOD TASTE...
EVERYWHERE



ANHEUSER-BUSCH...ST. LOUIS

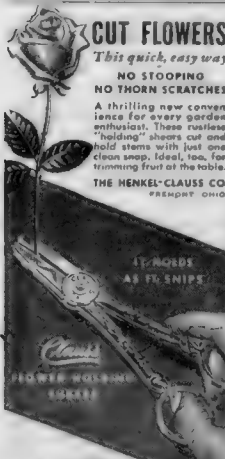
So Young!
So Gay!
PLAID



"Sassy" is the word for the smart, youthful appeal of these colorful cotton blends... which give such a lift to your spirit as well as such fine uplift to your bosom. Gingham is featured in Maiden Form's "Ariste" design for youthful figures. sizes 32, 34, 36... \$1.50. "Ariste" comes in other fabrics priced up to \$3.50.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Send for free Style Folder: Maiden Form Braelette Company Inc., New York 16, N. Y.



CUT FLOWERS

This quick, easy way

NO THORN SCRATCHES

A thrilling new convenience for every garden enthusiast. These ruthless "holders" shears cut and hold stems with just one clean snap. Ideal, too, for trimming feet of the table.

THE HENKEL-CLAUSS CO.

FREIGHT OFFER

12 HOOKS

AS FIVE SNIPS

POWER HOLDING

SHARP

Clauss

SHEAR QUALITY

Since '77

SKIN BROKEN OUT?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, Mercirex is the answer. Apply Mercirex ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Fresh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied within 10 days. Unimproved, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 50¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. All drugstores.

MERCIREX SKIN
OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

Household Almanac - Amy Alden

Boast About These Pastry Recipes

You will want to have these delicious recipes in your household file, to a

Chocolate Eclairs

- 1 cup butter, fortified
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg

Melt butter in the boiling water in a saucepan over high heat. Lower heat; then stir in flour and salt all at once, stirring vigorously with a spoon until mixture leaves sides of pan in a smooth, compact ball.

Remove from heat; then quickly beat in the eggs, one at a time; beating until each egg is blended and mixture is smooth. Continue beating with spoon until mixture forms a stiff dough.

Drop by rounded tablespoonfuls onto lightly greased baking sheet, about 2" apart. With a spatula, shape each ball of dough into rectangle about 4" x 1", rounding the sides and piling dough on top.

Bake on center rack in hot oven of 450° F. for 20 min., then reduce heat to moderate oven of 350° F., and continue baking about 20 min. longer.

Remove from baking sheet, and cool. Make lengthwise slit in side of each éclair; fill with sweetened whipped cream, using 2 cups heavy cream and ¼ cup confectioners' sugar. Make a Frost with bitter-sweet frosting.

Bittersweet Frosting

Melt 4 sq. (4 oz.) unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Combine ½ cup granulated sugar and ½ cup water; bring to full, rolling boil; then remove from heat, and cool. When lukewarm, stir into chocolate, blending well. Cool (do not chill), stirring frequently, until the frosting is thick enough to spread.

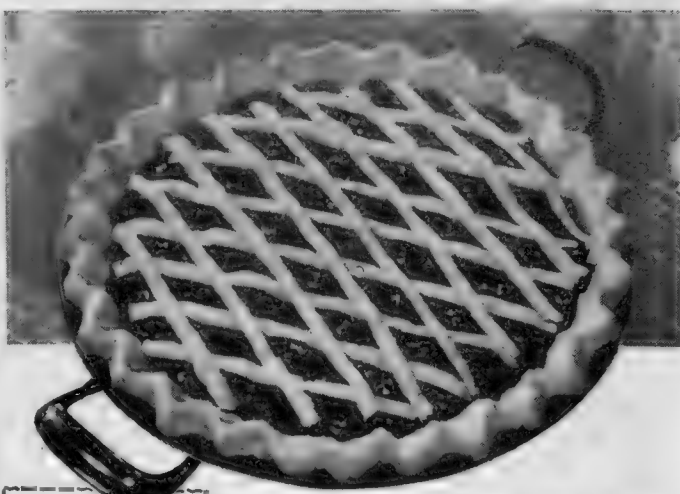
Chocolate Souffle With Rum Sauce

- 1 cup milk
- 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate
- ¼ cup flour
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 cup granulated sugar

Grease a 1½ qt. casserole well with butter; then sprinkle bottom and sides with a little sugar until it is coated.

Heat ½ cup of the milk with the chocolate in double boiler until chocolate melts; then beat smooth.

Slowly add remaining ½ cup milk to the flour and salt, while stirring; stir into



HERE are our favorite recipes for you. They are so clearly worked out, so well tested, you can perform miracles just following directions. We know you will find these delicious.

chocolate mixture; then cook over boiling water until very thick and lumpy. Remove from heat; beat smooth with spoon.

Now add egg yolks, one by one, beating each in with spoon until smooth.

Beat egg whites until they peak; then gradually beat in sugar. Fold chocolate mixture into egg whites using an over-and-under motion, until mixture is blended thoroughly.

Pour souffle mixture into prepared casserole, and bake in moderately hot oven of 425° F. for 22 to 27 min. When 22 min. are up, insert a silver knife part way into center of souffle. If it draws out clean, souffle is done. If any souffle adheres to knife, continue baking 5 min. longer. Serve immediately with Rum Sauce. Serves 6.

Rum Sauce

- 1½ cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2½ tbsps. flour
- ¼ tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1½ tbsps. rum

Seal milk in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly with a fork; then stir in sugar and flour.

Add the scalded milk, while stirring. Return to double boiler, and cook, stirring constantly, over hot, not boiling, water until smooth and thickened. Remove from heat; cool.

Add vanilla and rum. Chill. Makes about 1 cup.

Baked Alaska

- 1 piece thin sponge cake, 8" x 6"
- 3 egg whites
- 6 tbsps. granulated sugar
- 1 qt. brick-ice cream

The piece of cake used as a base for the Baked Alaska should be ½" larger, all the way around, than the brick of ice cream.

Beat the egg whites only until they stand up in a peak when the beater is raised. Then add sugar gradually, while beating until stiff and glossy.

Quickly place a very firm brick of ice cream on the cake, which has been placed on paper covered baking sheet in the center. Immediately cover ice cream completely with the meringue all sides and over cake to very edges.

Bake in hot oven, 450° F., 4 to 5 min., or until meringue is delicate brown.

Take from oven; immediately slip spatulas between Baked Alaska and paper, and transfer to serving platter. Serve cut in slices. Serves 6 to 8.

Note: Angel or chocolate cake may replace sponge cake. Or use a pan of uncut brownies as the base. Just before baking, coconut may be sprinkled on the meringue.

Meringue Glazes

- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup sifted granulated sugar

Separate the eggs about 1 hr. before making the meringues, leaving whites in a bowl at room temperature so they will beat up to good volume. Then cover 2 baking sheets with heavy white parchment paper. Beat egg whites until

Above, Raisin Pie. See Recipe Below on This Page.

they stand up in moist (not dry) peaks when the beater is raised. Then gradually beat in the sugar, a tablespoonful at a time. Fold in the vanilla. Beat mixture until stiff and glossy, not grainy.

Drop by heaping tablespoonfuls — 18 in all — about 2" apart on the paper-covered baking sheets. Now with a small spatula, shape each mound into a 2" round about ½" thick, smoothing the sides and leaving the tops irregular. Bake in slow oven of 250° F. for 50 min. The meringues will be crisp and very delicately browned on top. Cool; then remove from paper with a broad spatula.

For each serving, put 2 meringues together with a scoop of ice cream in the center. Spoon fresh sweetened berries, chocolate or caramel sauce over all. Serves 9.

If desired, make larger meringue shells — about 12. Then place a meringue bottom side up, on each serving plate with a scoop of ice cream on top, and garnish as above. Sprinkle with almond slivers. Serves 12.

Raisin Pie

- 2½ cups water
- 1 box seedless raisins
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- ¼ cup molasses
- 2 tbsps. cider vinegar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. cloves
- 6 tbsps. sugar
- 2½ tbsps. cornstarch

Combine first 8 ingredients. Simmer slowly 15 min. Remove cinnamon stick. Combine cornstarch and sugar, add to raisin mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until mixture thickens. Pour into pastry lined pie pan. Arrange lattice of pastry on top. Bake in 450° F. oven for 25 min.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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And here's a drink that's rich in vitamins! Not only rich in the Vitamin C you expect from your breakfast juice—but rich in Vitamin A, too! A 6-ounce glass of Libby's supplies, on the average, a grown-up's minimum need for Vitamin C for the whole day. Three such glasses take care of Vitamin A requirements the same way! Moreover, Libby's is a ready source of Vitamins B₁ and B₂.

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YES ...it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!



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The Epicure

WINE FOR FINE FLAVORING

By JOHN BAKER

HOW often have you tasted a deliciously prepared dish and wondered at the elusive flavoring in it? You probably will be as much surprised as I was to learn that the "something different" was a touch of wine.

Abroad, wines and liqueurs have for a long time been used in the cooking and preparing of foods, as I learned when I dined at the homes of some of my European operatic colleagues. Since the war's end, cooking with wine has become increasingly popular in this country.

Practically all of the food I had tasted, in which wine had been used, were elaborate concoctions. It seemed to me that wine could also be used to good advantage in simply prepared dishes. I tried it, and discovered that the wine transforms these simple dishes into epicurean specialties.

Fried Bananas

You've probably eaten fried bananas as a meat platter garnish. Try it this way, and see if it isn't more taste-tempting:

6 bananas
3 tbsps. brown sugar
5 tbsps. butter
1 tbsps. brandy
Peel the bananas, then cut in half lengthwise. Melt the butter in a frying pan and saute the bananas on both sides. Add the sugar, and when the caramel has formed, pour the brandy over the bananas.

Peach Omelet

Want to fancy up an omelet? Here's how:
1 egg, beaten



John Baker, Popular Baritone of the Metropolitan Opera, is Also an Amateur Chef, a Self-Taught Artist, and a Former Semi-Pro Baseball Player.

1 tsp. sugar
Powdered sugar
1 canned peach half
1 tbsps. curacao liqueur
Butter

Slice the peach half and let it stand a while in the curacao. Melt a little butter in a small frying pan, then add the beaten egg to which the sugar has been added. Cook over a slow flame until the omelet has set, then add the peach slices, drained. Serve on a heated plate and dust lightly with powdered sugar.

Contrary to general belief cooking actually evaporates alcohol leaving only the flavor.

Easy Patterns



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SIZES
14-20
32-42



3877
SIZES
34-48



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3878
SIZES
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CORNS FOUND IN LIQUID METHOD

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What I need is a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder. The SKIP-FLEA combination knocks 'em dead . . . and it's safe for me. Ask for the new 50¢ economy size of the powder.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



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Have you any questions to ask about Tampax?

This may be news to you — a doctor invented it for monthly use by women



Are you hesitating about Tampax just because it is unfamiliar? Then perhaps the knowledge that it was designed by a doctor will give you the confidence you need. And there are other facts you should know to help you understand this modern internal-absorption method of monthly sanitary protection... Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. Worn internally, it requires no pins or belts. It is unfeeling and unobtrusive when in place. No wrinkling or bulging under dresses. No chafing or odor. Quick to change even when fully dressed; and readily disposed of... Is it any wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax? Buy at drug or notion counter — 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply fits into purse. Complete directions for use in every package. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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See Recipe Favorites in This Issue.

Pretty Up for Papa



By Sally Young

THIS is Dad's day and since there's not a man alive, who doesn't want his women to be the prettiest within miles, pleasing Dad today can be fairly simple. Look your very prettiest. Don your most becoming frock, add something colorful—a bright scarf, a new piece of jewelry—something to make him really look at you for a change. And then hold his attention with a prettier face than you've had in ages.

How? Minimize certain feature faults. Your tools for this sorcery are two shades of powder—one a trifle darker than your natural coloring and the other a light, lively pink shade. Now determine your feature faults. Not a bad face, but the chin is a little too pointed? Press the darker shade of powder onto your face. Make this an all-over application. Then, using a fluffy powder puff, dust the pink, lighter colored powder on your jawbones.

If you've done a careful job of powdering you should have a broadened effect at the jawline, and a better balanced face in general.

PERHAPS you're trying to combat a "moon-face." Apply your dark powder, and be lavish with it on the outer cheek—near the ear. Now, using the lighter powder, blend a little of it on the center of your forehead, the tip of your nose, and your chin. These highlights detract the eye from the sides of your face.

And here's what to do for the long, narrow face. Apply your dark powder, with especial emphasis on fore-

head and chin. The lighter powder goes over the bridge of your nose, along the cheekbone out toward the top of the ear.

Square-jawed? Make it less obvious by plating several layers of your dark powder on the jawbone, from the tip of your earlobe almost to the center of your chin. On the center of the chin and up toward the mouth, blend on the light powder.

If you've chosen your two shades of powder with care, Pop will never know what's making you so pretty—just that you are.

Father's Day

WHAT did you get Dad? Need a last minute suggestion? How about something clean and manly smelling—maybe a set containing shaving bowl, after-shaving lotion and invisible talc for his shiny nose?

No need to stop there, either. There are special after-shave lotions for oily skin and another for normal or dry skin. And there is no reason why Dad, like all humans, wouldn't appreciate a good cologne deodorant.

Or how would he like a new hairbrush and comb set? Bigger, better and handsomer nylon brushes have made their appearances in all stores. And while you've got him brushing his hair, why not include a good scalp stimulator? A hair dress that's non-greasy is always a boon.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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✓ ELIMINATES FABRIC WRECKING RUBBING



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If your grocer does not have RAIN DROPS yet, send his name, address and \$1 and we will send you, postage prepaid, three 1½-lb. Packages. Bu-Tay Products, Ltd., 5832 South Garfield, Los Angeles 22.

ECONOMICAL - CHECK PACKAGE WEIGHT...NOT SIZE!

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Relief

Help feed fatigued muscles with fresh blood! Why put up with the torture of aching leg muscles whenever you exercise too strenuously? You can get real relief—and soon! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see, tired muscles are often fatigued muscles—your unusual exercise has turned up their nourishment required for your work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. as you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from sunny lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle.

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NO MORE discomfort of
● SICK HEADACHE
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CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Long Life for Your Washer

By Doris Denison

ARE you lucky enough to have one of the shiny new washing machines—one which really takes the drudgery out of washday for you?

Whether your washer is new or old, correct use gives it longer life and con-

move it. Articles should not be permitted to get so soiled that they cannot be cleansed with brief washing. If they do become badly soiled, they should be washed only a few minutes in one suds, wrung out, the tub emptied, and the clothes



While Sorting, Articles to Be Washed, Make Sure You Remove Pins, Buckles or Other Objects Which May Tear Fabrics or Damage Your Washing Machine.

serve the articles being washed. It will also help you to find how many extra things this helpful appliance will do. Draperies, slip covers, scatter rugs, bath mats, and bedspreads can be done perfectly in a washing machine if washable fabrics are selected in the first place.

Soap and Water

CAREFUL use of the washer starts the minute you fill it with water. The water should be the temperature recommended in instruction book.

Use no more and no less soap than is required for good washing. With this combination of water of the right temperature and soap in the right amount, you need not run your washer for excess periods.

The second precaution for washer longevity is to work up a rich suds by running the washer with no articles in it; then dropping in the first batch one by one. This avoids putting any unnecessary strain on the motor. For the same reason put in no more articles than circulate freely. It is very important to put in the exact load called for in the directions given with your machine. This amount will vary with different washers.

Correct Timing

IT IS wrong to believe that long running of a washer gets articles cleaner.

If clothes are left in too long the suds "break down" and soil is actually redeposited on the fabric. Then it is almost impossible to re-

washed a few minutes later in a brand-new clean suds.

Wringing

CORRECT wringing helps protect a washer, and the fabric, too. Pieces should be put through the wringer separately, although they can be overlapped and handkerchiefs run through on a towel. "Bunch" wringing is not good for the wringer rolls. The wringer should not be adjusted too tightly, because unnecessary pressure not only strains the wringer but also creases the fabrics, thus lengthening ironing time.

If your washer has a centrifugal dryer, it should be loaded evenly to prevent strain on the mechanism.

Clean-Up

AT the end of any washing, the tub should be rinsed and rubbed dry and the agitator or basket should be lifted out and cleaned, as well as the space beneath it. Leave the drain open. If your washer has a pump, run it to free the tub of all remaining water. Soapy water left on wringer rolls eventually will injure them, so loosen the adjustment and wash them thoroughly with soapy water, then rinse them with clear warm water.

Some new washers do this complete clean-up job automatically.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

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|---|---|
| ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care | ☐ (26) Streamline Closets |
| ☐ (22) Easy Laundering | ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs |
| ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery | ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers |
| ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug | ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets |
| ☐ (25) It's Fun to Moderate | ☐ (30) Sew Right |
| ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades | |



Daddy leaves his fingerprints, On icebox raids at night.



Windex makes the icebox, and His reputation, bright!



Jimmy couldn't see himself, The mirror was so dim.



Shined with Windex, it reflects A very different Jim!



Peg's supposed to keep an eye On Junior out of doors.



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Spray it on, and wipe it off—See your glassware gleam!



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TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world. Next time nature needs help, try Kruschen. NOW IN TWO FORMS. New sparkling Effervescent Kruschen, and the original non-effervescent Kruschen Salts. At drugstores everywhere, 25¢-85¢.

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